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PRESIDENT HOOVER took a vigorous and determined stand in the first speech of his "swing around the circle" against any and all who would have him deviate in slightest degree from his stubborn opposition to unemployment insurance, any form of dole, and any other changes in the social order. He is for the "American system," come what may. It has carried us farther "than any other nation in all history." His retort to the demand for a ten-year plan, which he terms "an infection from the slogan of the Five-Year Plan through which Russia is struggling to redeem herself," is a twenty-year plan to "take care of a 20,000,000 increase in population." The rest is rhetoric:

> We plan to build for them 4,000,000 new and better homes, thousands of new and still more beautiful city buildings, thousands of factories; to increase the capacity of our railways; to add thousands of miles of highways and waterways; to instal 25,000,000 electrical horse-power; to grow 20 per cent more farm products. We plan to provide new parks, schools, colleges, and churches for this 20,000,000 people. We plan more leisure for men and women and better opportunities for its enjoyment.

We are glad to commend this attitude of Mr. Hoover. It joins the issue with a clearness we rarely get from him. Everybody now knows where he stands today and where he will stand a year hence in the Presidential campaign. He is for the old order and old methods—more and better and bigger things of the same kind.

WHO IS KNOCKING the tariff now? Why, no less a person than Andrew Mellon himself. His Aluminum Company of America, which has as near a monopoly, we fancy, as any company in the country, has just decided that it will be one of the six hundred American companies that have established branches in Canada in order to avoid the consequences of the Canadian tariff law. It is the eighty-seventh company which has made this move since the Hawley-Smoot law went into effect last year. What does this signify? In the first place, it means that a considerable part of the production of the Aluminum Company is transferred to foreign soil where foreign laborers are employed instead of the work being done by American laborers on American soil. Next, if a tariff is such a wonderful thing, Mr. Mellon ought not to resent the Canadian tariff, but should be perfectly content to have it prohibit his goods from entering the dominion. That is what he does in the United States to foreign producers, and he ought to be willing to take his medicine himself when it comes to Canada. Not for your life! We don't know anybody who equals the protectionist for squealing and squawking when he gets a dose of his own medicine—it is just too wicked for other people to exclude American goods simply because we exclude theirs. Finally, while Mr. Ford and Mr. Mellon and other great capitalists can afford to move abroad and build branch factories inside of other people's tariff walls, the small American manufacturer, like the American workingman, has to stay at home. There he pays the price for our protection policy in a sluggish home market, a steadily restricted foreign-export field, and increased prices on about everything he buys.

OF ALL UNBELIEVABLE THINGS the surrender of the Civic Federation to the wicked Soviets seems to us the most incredible. Here is the federation, under the leadership of that notably progressive and liberal-minded leader of the American Federation of Labor, Matthew Woll, actually calling a national industrial conference to work out a ten years' plan for the United States as absolutely necessary to "establish balance between production, distribution, and consumption" and to end "the chaos and misapplication of energy" in American life. All of this is for "the creation of a democratic industrial structure comparable to our democratic political structure." Now we ask our readers if that is not exactly what *The Nation,* the *New Republic,* the *New Freeman,* the League for Industrial Democracy, the Socialists, and many other wicked and subversive organizations, which the Civic Federation has denounced all these many years, have been advocating in season and out. But, as we have indicated, we cannot claim all the credit. The Civic Federation has capitulated to the Russian Five-Year Plan. If the Bolsheviki had not coined that name and carried on that plan, the Civic Federation would never have decided to combat bolshevism with a five-day work week of six hours a day or have urged a ten-year plan to show the superiority of the capitalist system to all others. Of course Mr. Woll is careful to say that the Russian Five-


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Year Plan is "proving a hopeless failure." Really? Well then, why the necessity for this sudden move for a ten-year American plan to offset the lure of Soviet achievement?

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT, it appears, is a government according to the courts of the United States even though to the State Department it is non-existent. Three years ago the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company received two shipments of gold from German banking agents of the Soviet Government. The Bank of France claimed that this gold belonged to it, alleging that the bars had been seized by the Soviet Government in 1917 from the Russian Imperial Bank, in which they were stored. It therefore brought suit against the New York banks, which shortly afterwards returned the gold to the senders, as related in *The Nation* of March 28, 1928. In handing down his decision, Federal Judge Caffey says: "I cannot escape the conclusion that although there has been no recognition by the State Department of this country of what has been called the Soviet regime either as a *de jure* or a *de facto* government, that regime is a government." Holding that the Soviet Government is a sovereign, Judge Caffey therefore declares the present case to be one for diplomacy, inasmuch as a sovereign state is exempt from suit by outsiders, and the American banks were acting as agents for the Russian Government. We are interested to note this legal confirmation of the judgment expressed by *The Nation* on this case in its issue of April 25, 1928. Judge Caffey's decision adds another interesting and amusing element to the legal confusion occasioned by our non-recognition of Russia.

HUNGER AND TRAGEDY continue to stalk over the hills of the Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania mining country. In Kentucky they have led to the arrest of nearly one hundred men—miners, union officials, and sympathizers—who today are held in the jail at Harlan, where they are awaiting trial for attempting to defend themselves and their families against an unwarranted attack by company police and State militiamen. Eighteen of these men, accused of murder, face the death penalty; the remainder may be sentenced to long prison terms on charges of conspiracy and criminal syndicalism. As a result of the mine strike there had been trouble at Evarts, a small town near by. The disorders ran along until at last they culminated in a battle between the miners and a handful of company guards. Three men were killed. The militia was called in; the miners and those who upheld their cause, including the chief of police of Evarts, were put under arrest. Although union leaders and others interested in the case have demanded information as to the arrests and have called for immediate trials, no one knows just how many men are in jail, and the officials refuse to say when and under what circumstances the men will be brought to trial. All that has so far been definitely learned is that the murder indictments rest upon the testimony of one man, a guard employed by the local mining company. Meanwhile other miners are being arrested by twos and threes in this district while a few days ago the Reverend Frank Martin, pastor of a Baptist church near Harlan, was lodged in the same jail on a charge of criminal syndicalism for having delivered a speech from the steps of Harlan courthouse telling of starvation and misery among the coal workers.

MEANTIME THE OPEN WARFARE between miners and police is spreading elsewhere. Dozens of men and women on both sides have been wounded, scores have been gassed, hundreds have fallen under policemen's clubs. In St. Clairsville, Ohio, an army of special deputy sheriffs, armed with machine-guns and tear-gas bombs, has been called out to guard mine property. In western Pennsylvania a union leader has warned the owners that trouble is impending and that the strikers are armed. In the same section State troopers have clubbed hundreds of marching miners, some of them into insensibility. Harry Kirk, a farmer living near Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, said that he saw "about two hundred men, women, and children running up over a hill with a couple of State policemen on horses behind them. When a State policeman caught up with one of the people he hit him over the head with a club, leaving a trail of people lying on the ground." Near the Mellon-owned Westland mine in Pennsylvania the police opened fire on a column of miners when their gas bombs and clubs failed to halt the marchers. In Kentucky a murder of a pit worker has resulted in the arrest of fourteen other miners, but the killer, who is known, was allowed to go free. In Illinois the miners have planned a "hunger march" to the State capital. Some 20,000 workers have left the pits, demanding higher wages, enforcement of the eight-hour day, and recognition of their unions. An appeal for mediation has been sent to President Hoover, but he has so far done nothing except refer the appeal to the Department of Labor for "consideration and report." The situation is grave at many points.

NOW THAT COLONEL HOUSE has come back into politics and intends to do what he can to get Governor Roosevelt into the Presidency, the movement of political traffic to the Colonel's summer residence in Massachusetts promises to reach considerable proportions. Governor Roosevelt himself has already been over for a luncheon, and other Democrats, we may be sure, will not be long in following. Manchester-by-the-Sea will now rival Mr. Hoover's week-end capital at Rapidan and the Pullman car that takes him on his Western trip as a center of political interest, and, with only the difference that Mr. Hoover wants to stay in the White House and Governor Roosevelt hopes to make him vacate it, substantially the same questions of ways and means, primaries, conventions, platforms, nominations, and running mates will be talked over at either place. On the whole, we are inclined to rate Colonel House a good deal higher than Senator Fess when it comes to advice. The Colonel is a quiet person much averse to ballyhoo, but he knows how to bore from within and keep the politicians guessing, he can make a little oil go farther and work better than any other of our political machinists, he got a lot of valuable experience in putting over Woodrow Wilson, and he is not a bit averse to fooling trusting people, as his memoirs show.

"HAWKS IN ROME HOP to Get His Hair Cut." Thus the casual news from our speediest flyer. He told those who greeted him when he dropped down on the landing field at the Littorio Airport in Rome, after a four hours' flight from Paris, that he preferred Italian barbers to German. "The last time I had my hair cut,"

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he declared, "was in Berlin, where the barber clipped the top of my head so that I had to let my hair grow for a month." Here we have a glimpse of the real future before us. Soon we shall read in the society news of all the dailies items like these: "Mrs. John Van Astorbilt with a party of eleven yesterday flew to Peking for a week-end visit to be rounded out by a bird's-nest supper on the Chinese Wall by moonlight." Or we shall hear that our best-known Fifth Avenue matron delighted her European friends the other day by breakfasting in London, having luncheon in Paris, tea in Rome, and spending the night in Tripoli. Or that Otto H. Kahn flew to London yesterday to buy some collars from his favorite haberdasher. Soon it will be as commonplace to run over to New York for luncheon from Chicago as it is now to drive to a nearby golf club. How easily explored and how little the world will be when one flies out to San Francisco and back for a set of tennis!

THE CASE of Professor Herbert A. Miller at Ohio State University, which was discussed by Norman Thomas in our issue of June 17, has stirred up a most encouraging body of protest in the academic world. In addition to two vigorous memorials signed by no less than 153 professors and instructors at Ohio State itself, the trustees have now received, according to latest advices, protests from faculty groups in eight other important universities and colleges. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, New York University, Pittsburgh, Oberlin, Western Reserve, and Wisconsin have all contributed to the swelling body of indignant remonstrance from members of the academic community who are thoroughly awake to the importance of the question at issue. The American Association of University Professors, that watch-dog of academic freedom in the United States, has already instituted an investigation of the whole affair. The clergymen of Columbus, the Ohio Sociological Society, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and many newspapers both inside and outside Ohio have added their protest to that of the university men. As long as trustees continue legally to be the governing body of the American university and students continue to be as docile as in the past, so long must the guaranty of freedom of opinion and liberty of speech be in an alert and militant state of mind in the faculties themselves and in the public supporting them. From this point of view, the Ohio State incident is one of the most encouraging happenings of recent years.

IN AMERICA the higher learning is climbing ever upward, toward a loftier idealism, and perhaps also toward a higher culture. There have been many examples of this in recent years, but the latest and most touching has just come to us from the College of Puget Sound in the State of Washington. This institution of higher education a week or two ago awarded the degree of master of arts to Maurice Owens and Augustus C. Voelker. Mr. Owens was accorded the distinction on the basis of his thesis entitled "An Experimental Study of Free Throwing in Basketball," while Mr. Voelker was honored for a paper in which he discussed the "Vocational and Avocational Values of the Merit Badge System in Scouting." These are, indeed, important contributions to the higher learning, and they show once more with what circumspect care some colleges are making America safe for culture.

FRANKLIN HENRY GIDDINGS, who died on June 11, was a distinguished member of that group of great scholars and teachers who over a period of fifty years have made the School of Political Science of Columbia University one of the world's leading centers of social study. After six years of experience in journalism and a period of teaching at Bryn Mawr College he was called in 1894 to join the group of young scholars whom Professor John W. Burgess had gathered around him at Columbia, and the history of the remainder of his life is closely identified with that of the School of Political Science. One of the earlier workers in the even yet ill-defined field of sociology, he made a profound impression on his coworkers in the social sciences by his gift of brilliant generalization, and his striking phrase "the consciousness of kind" has become coin of the sociological realm. The broad sweep of his thought, the clarity of his exposition, the sturdy independence of his judgments, the pungency of his speech, and the unfailing warmth of his human sympathies all combined to attract to his classroom successive generations of devoted students, who found in his celebrated Friday afternoon lecture-discussions a new intellectual experience of the highest order. Another of America's great teachers has gone.

WE HOPE that none of our readers in New York will fail to see "Precedent," the stirring play which deals with the Tom Mooney case. Frankly a propaganda piece, it is so remarkably done as to stir all who come to see it. Yet never is it anything else than a quiet portrayal of what actually happened as recorded by the documents of this case. It could easily have been spoiled by even a single bit of exaggeration, but it is impossible to see how it could in fact have been made more telling. For its effectiveness the remarkable acting of the entire cast also deserves great credit. Meanwhile Tom Mooney, the victim of incredible injustice, languishes in jail in need of funds to carry on his fight for freedom, but he is buoyed up by the hope that the new Governor of California may yet grant him a new hearing.

TO ARTURO TOSCANINI goes our deepest sympathy. A great artist, as such superior to all nationalistic considerations, he was viciously assaulted at Bologna because he would not desecrate his concert by playing the Fascist hymn at the opening. He had twice notified the Mayor of Bologna of his refusal to do so, but a mob of thirty or forty men met him at the stage door and beat him until blood flowed from his mouth. No one was arrested and, of course, there was no apology from the Mayor, or expression of regret from the Mussolini Government itself. Now he is in Switzerland, en route to Bayreuth to conduct for part of the season there, with his spirit undaunted, as witness these words:

> We must have truth and freedom of speech at any price, even if the price be death. I have said to our Fascisti time and again: "You can kill me if you wish, but as long as I am living I shall say what I think."

There speaks the true patriot, a brave and honest man. We sincerely hope that he will now consider becoming an American citizen—not, however, without realizing that if we get into another war he will be compelled by American mobs to abandon his concerts or to preface them with a wretched piece of music known as the "Star Spangled Banner."

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# Washington Moves at Last

THE world does move—and also the Hoover Government. In all the aftermath of the Chequers conference nothing is more striking than the confirmation of the news that Secretary Stimson is really going over to see for himself how matters are in Europe, and the statement given to the press by the Undersecretary of State, William R. Castle, Jr., in Washington on June 13. His statement was to the effect that while the position of the United States Government as to debts owed to it by European countries was clearly established, "obviously, in case of any serious crisis, the government would have to consider whether a temporary change in its policy was necessary." Naturally, this announcement that the Hoover Administration would not be adamant in the face of a German collapse cheered Berlin not a little at a moment when it needed cheering. For the reaction of some of the New York bankers to the Chequers conference had led to their calling their German loans, with the result that German bonds declined all along the line—the 6½'s to 63—and the German mark sank lower than at any time since May, 1929, doubtless partly because the Reichsbank lost $250,000,000 of its gold reserve during the first two weeks in June.

If we were to judge by comments of press and statesmen upon the Chequers conference, we should be inclined to write it down as a considerable failure. Particularly disappointing was Mr. MacDonald's declaration that if a conference for the revision of the Young Plan were to be called, the British Government would not now take part in it. That in itself seemed to seal the fate of Germany; or rather it seemed to leave to Berlin no alternative but to denounce the whole Young Plan and face the consequences, whatever they might be. At best Mr. MacDonald's remarks were a tactlessness only to be explained as having been compelled by the necessity of calming and reassuring the French. But fortunately, in France itself the reactions to the Chequers conference have been more friendly and wiser than had seemed possible. Briand, on June 8, informed the chamber that Germany's economic condition is, "to say the least, sad," but added, after pointing out that "the Young Plan has been recently applied," that "there can be no question of revising it since it has a definite character. It contains within itself possibilities for Germany. She will use them, perhaps. It is to her interest to do so"—a direct invitation to Dr. Brüning to apply for the postponement which the plan provides. If his statement appears also to close the door to a complete revision, on the other hand its language is so pacific that it cannot profoundly have disturbed Berlin.

More than that, Briand declared once more that the future of France and Germany lies in the cooperation of both peoples. It would certainly not be, he pointed out, to France's advantage to have the present government overthrown by the Nationalists. His ringing declaration that he would consider it in the interest of his country to continue a policy of peace with Germany and the other countries of Europe was upheld by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 314 to 252. Thereupon, on June 14, he went to Gourdon, France, to defend his peace policy there and to ask the sincere support of the people of France, using these words:

> It has been said of old that if you want peace prepare for war. That was the motto of the past, and what has the past given us? Search into history, turn back as far as you please, what has preparation for war given humanity but dreadful stains of blood? I tell you that if we are to avoid war we must prepare for peace. We must organize it, we must constantly think and plan for it.

It was a vast crowd which heard him speak these solemn and gravely needed truths—some 20,000 people. There was not a dissenting note; on the contrary he received a tremendous ovation.

Meanwhile, however, the condition of Germany becomes steadily worse, and one must look forward with apprehension to the next six weeks. President von Hindenburg's support of Dr. Brüning's position that the Reichstag shall not be called into session reinforces the Chancellor well, but the unrest grows, the rioting continues, and the denunciation of Brüning as the Hunger Chancellor is unceasing. No one can guess how long the Chancellor will be able to maintain himself, and there are many well-informed to say that there is nothing left for him but to denounce the whole Young Plan as the sole means of saving himself, and then to invite the Allies to do their worst. It is this repudiation that the Hitlerites are steadily promising Germany. One of their leaders, Hermann Göring, an intimate of Hitler, has again publicly declared that if their party comes to power it will repudiate all of Germany's foreign debts. He serves warning that the National Socialists "will not keep the promises made by those in power today." To the rest of the world he says: "Lend money as much as you like, but we shall not repay one cent. Our creditors would do well to consider who will rule Germany next year—Brüning or we."

Under these circumstances the Hoover Administration is heartily to be commended for changing its attitude of indifference and letting the world know that it will stand by if the emergency which is to be feared should arrive. In this connection we would call attention to the remarkable address made by Alanson B. Houghton, our former Ambassador to Germany and Great Britain. Speaking at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Mr. Houghton said:

> Germany, I am inclined to believe, has been pushed about as far as she can go. That this is partly her own fault I have no doubt whatever. That, however, does not affect the net result. . . . If Germany no longer possesses in herself the power to carry on indefinitely, if the reparations payments are slowly but surely draining her dry, then either she must be left to go under when finally exhausted or she must be given the necessary assistance.

The breakdown of Germany, he said, might postpone a recovery of the rest of Europe and the United States for a generation. Then he stressed the fact that "relief must be afforded by all the nations concerned, not by America alone. We should be prepared, it seems to me, if the other nations are ready, to make our contribution." With this position every intelligent interpreter of the situation must agree.

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# We Need Russia

GIVEN free play, the economic forces now at work in both Russia and the United States will in all likelihood bring these two countries closer together. Diverted or handicapped by a hostile public opinion—the goal of men like Ralph Easley, Secretary of Labor Doak, Matthew Woll, and Hamilton Fish, of organizations like the National Civic Federation, and of newspapers like the New York *Evening Post*—the same economic forces will without doubt widen the present cleavage between Russia and America. By constantly arousing American public sentiment with their hysterical speeches, sensational statements, and scare headlines, these men and organizations are building up hatred and bitterness, creating anti-Russian feeling of a most dangerous kind. That way lies neither political nor economic peace. In such an inflamed atmosphere one could not look for reasonable understanding between the countries; one could only hope that no small accident or incident would turn this hatred of Russia into an open demand for war. Unfortunately, it appears almost certain that the propaganda drive of the Russophobes, instead of decreasing, will increase in scope and intensity as Russia's economic strength becomes more apparent and our own system continues to lumber along from mistake to mistake.

We do not question the sincerity of these persons who are forever agitating against the Soviet Union. They unquestionably feel that Moscow presents a real threat to our institutions and our much-vaunted individualism, and there can be little doubt that many of them have felt the pressure of Russian commercial and industrial competition. But we cannot agree that Moscow will at any time in the foreseeable future upset our institutions, though it is probable that if communism succeeds, its influence may in the course of years serve to modify them. Nor can we agree that the erection of an economic *cordon sanitaire* about the Soviet Union will either convert Russia to capitalism or solve the problem involved in Russia's trade relations with America and the rest of the world.

In point of fact, we need Russia exactly as Russia needs us. Even by the most careful planning and with the most generous of outside help, the Soviet Union cannot hope to complete its industrialization program for many years to come. Able and dependable economists who have studied the problem put the number of these years at no less than twenty-five, though most of them agree that perhaps it will take a period longer than fifty years to put Russian industry on a plane nearly equal to our own. During this period the Russians will need to import goods of many kinds, but particularly agricultural and heavy industrial machinery; they will have to import capital in various other forms, much as we imported capital from Europe in the century and a half of our own industrial development. Russia will also need financial aid in the shape of credit, and credit can only be sent to it in the form of goods or services. Where is Moscow to buy these goods? It will want to buy some, if not a large proportion, of them in the United States, but we must be ready to offer it moderately reasonable terms lest we lose its trade to Europe. Russia has already shown a marked preference for American products. We have created an industrial machine that Russia wishes to copy, and we have developed agricultural machinery for use over a terrain very similar to that of the grain-growing areas of the Soviet Union. Hence we possess the technical knowledge and the experience necessary for the production of the kind of machinery which the Russians consider peculiarly suited to their needs, while this knowledge and experience are largely lacking among European manufacturers.

Nevertheless, Russia has in recent months unmistakably revealed that she prefers to deal with Europe when she is denied fair treatment at our hands. Were this policy to be continued over a period of years, we should stand to lose not only our fair share of the growing Russian trade, but also a large part of our present trade with Western Europe, for if these European countries are to sell to Russia they must buy from Russia in increasing measure. In 1929 we sold goods worth $2,300,000,000 to Europe, which was almost half of our total exports. We have now to choose between the blind philosophy of the Easleys and the Wolls, which is having the effect of driving this lucrative trade toward Russia, and a more reasonable and intelligent attitude, which would in large part conserve this trade and at the same time open the expanding Russian market to us.

# Pay or Plunder?

RECENT discussion of the Bethlehem Steel Company's bonus system has drawn renewed attention to the extraordinary overpayment of some American business men and the strange fiduciary relations that too often exist between business executives and their stockholders. We have already indicated our lack of keen sympathy with the Bethlehem stockholders who know so little of the business they supposedly own as to be wholly ignorant of a bonus arrangement described in detail in the annual report of their corporation for 1916, formally ratified by them in 1917, and further regulated by means of a by-law they adopted a year later. Further, we have condemned the egregious notion that million-dollar bonuses are necessary to get the best work out of executives. Yet the whole matter deserves further notice.

Bethlehem bonus payments have been made under a system devised and operated by the genial Charles M. Schwab, who said to his stockholders at their recent annual meeting: "I had the feeling that the damn company belonged to me, you know, and I went ahead and did the best I could." Doing the best he could, Mr. Schwab so arranged things that during the years since 1911 nearly $37,000,000 has gone in bonuses to a handful of Bethlehem officers (not including Mr. Schwab himself), President Eugene G. Grace, "the ablest steel man in America," averaging $814,993 a year over the past thirteen years. While about twenty executives up to 1928 were receiving about $31,000,000 (half a dozen of them getting the bulk of it), common stockholders received a total of about $44,000,000 in dividends. From 1925 to 1928, though there were earnings of nearly $44,000,000 after payment of preferred dividends, it all went back into the business, and the common stockholders got no dividends; but the executives salted away hard-earned bonuses amounting to $6,800,000. Since 1928 the common

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stockholders have received $36,600,000 in dividends, against bonuses of $5,400,000. As Mr. Schwab blandly explains, "There is, of course, no relation between compensation to executives and the payment of dividends. The payment of dividends is within the control of the Board of Directors, not of the executive officers." If in the judgment of the directors, he goes on, it seems wise not to pay dividends but to reinvest the earnings, the amount so reinvested enhances the intrinsic value of the stock. This, even Mr. Schwab's critics must admit, is good common sense and ordinary business practice. Certainly Bethlehem's dividend record since 1928 gives common stockholders small cause for complaint.

Common stockholders, however, are an unreasonable tribe, and the common Bethlehemites, forgetting how much Mr. Grace and his associated bonus-getters had done for them back in the good old pre-Hoover days, and never bothering to look up the records of their company, ungratefully charged the great-hearted Mr. Schwab with keeping the bonus matter secret from them. Yet worse, they got the Vice-Chancellor of the New Jersey Court of Chancery to agree with them, declaring that "the administration of the bonus system has been sedulously suppressed from the stockholders, the result only coming to their notice recently." Of course under ordinary conditions the stockholder, once he has put in his money, limits his activity to banking his dividend checks, if there be any, and lets George do it in running the business. Most of us, perhaps, would have missed a matter of $37,000,000 earlier, but not Bethlehem stockholders. When it did come to their attention, however, one of them declared cantankerously: "It is wrong in principle, it is outrageous in practice, it is contrary to justice to take this money out of these stockholders and put it into the laps of a few men." But as Mr. Schwab has so neatly indicated, the stockholders never got the money—so how could it have been taken away from them? We weep for these much-misunderstood executives and their benevolent chairman.

But what about the soundness of Mr. Schwab's scheme of huge bonuses as "incentives" to big executives? Bethlehem stockholders object because they think that the executives are getting some of theirs. We object because we think the whole theory of the scheme disgusting. Mr. Schwab maintains that Mr. Grace and his associates "earn" their bonuses. Very likely. But does Mr. Grace feel complimented at the assumption that he will not do his best unless appeal is thus made to his cupidity? What normal men want, in business as out of it, is a chance to work and give what is in them, and most of the best work in the world is done in response to that motive. The notion of money "incentives" has been carried to ridiculous extremes under our business system, but it is perfectly consistent with a conception of business as nothing more than a system of making profits. Mr. Schwab may weep all the tears he will at the questions his stockholders ask him; he will never successfully defend such practices. But those questions will not get very far until they begin to be directed at the fundamental morality and workableness of any scheme of work and pay based on the assumption that hoggishness is the one motive on which an efficient industrial system can be built. Not only the economic life of Communist Russia but the experience of numerous business enterprises in our own country teaches a wiser lesson.

# They Honor Harding

*(A Dispatch NOT Sent by the Associated Press)*

MARION, OHIO, JUNE 16. Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge unveiled today the long-finished marble tomb of President Harding and his wife. The money for this magnificent structure was contributed largely by the friends of Harding in Wall Street—the Iron and Steel Institute through Elbert H. Gary and Charles M. Schwab alone contributed $25,000—and by large capitalists elsewhere, in the first flush of their sorrow over the death of their kind and helpful friend; the bipartisan character of the contribution list is evidenced by a gift of $5,000 from the late Thomas F. Ryan. There were many of President Harding's old friends and members of his Administration present, but some well-known figures were missed. Thus, Albert Fall, Harding's Secretary of the Interior, was unable to be present as he is about to enter jail for a year; "Mal" Daugherty, brother and "pal" of the Harding Attorney General was also detained by a pressing engagement of several years with the Ohio State Penitentiary, which fate Harry Daugherty escaped because of a "hung" jury. Other well-known figures who were conspicuously absent were Jess Smith, Mr. Daugherty's confidential man, believed to have been murdered in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, and seven other members of the "Ohio Gang," all of whom died suddenly and mysteriously or committed suicide, among them, Brigadier General Charles Sawyer, President Harding's friend and personal physician.

An address of President Hoover, which he might have delivered but did not, follows verbatim:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: This is the most difficult moment of my life. Mr. Harding's Administration, of which I was a part, was the most corrupt in the history of this country, unless we except that of President Grant. Never before have I had the courage to say a word about it, but now I have had to speak lest my refusal be misinterpreted. Let me say at once that I have come to honor Warren G. Harding, not as a President or a statesman, but as a friend, a man of warm heart and keen human sympathies which often betrayed him, but nevertheless created a feeling of attachment to him among all who came in daily contact with him. He felt indignation at injustice and he indubitably meant to do right. But his misfortunes arose from the fact that he came straight out of the fetid atmosphere of political corruption and public larceny which marked the political life of Ohio in his day, that he could not and would not climb above it. Not on the stepping-stone of the dead self of his Ohio life would he rise when he reached the White House. It was the same game on a larger scale that he played, with what disaster everyone knows.

I will not falsify history or mislead my countrymen. The Administration of Harding was a grave misfortune for him and for all concerned. His death was a kindness of fate which cannot be too strongly emphasized. At this moment I lay a wreath upon his bier out of my deep personal affection, and I ask you and our country to bear and forbear, to forgive and to forget the sins of one who was but mortal. May this wreath be a symbol of friendship and a warning that the best of good friends needs a stern will and rigid rectitude as well as a heart overflowing with kindliness.

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# *President Hoover's Record*

# I. The Tragedy of Herbert Hoover*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

YES, Mr. Hoover's position is nothing less than tragic. If he is the sensitive, proud, and high-minded man that his intimate friends have certified him to be, it must seem to him that in his case the road to glory has led but to despair. For years he planned and worked and schemed—and stooped—to achieve the greatest gift the American people can bestow. It has turned to ashes in his hands. Not in my thirty-four years of journalistic experience has any President so failed to impress or to win the public. He is a tragic figure, one to be pitied; and his own unhappiness appears mirrored in every counterfeit presentment which reaches an entirely unresponsive public. Unless he is utterly deluded he must know that he has failed in his task, that the bulk of his fellow-citizens regard him with indifference, and that large numbers of them have identified him with the economic disaster which has come upon the nation.

Let it be said at the outset that Mr. Hoover is in considerable part the victim of circumstances. It is wrong and unjust to hold him entirely responsible for the unemployment and economic confusion. Both would have come if the smooth and smug Calvin Coolidge had remained in office. It is a *world-wide* depression, and the ablest minds here and in Europe believe that no nation can work out of it by itself; that joint action alone can restore the normal processes of manufacture, barter, and exchange. But Mr. Hoover, after coming back from the Peace Conference a Democrat to the extent of running successfully in the Democratic Presidential primary in Michigan and of supporting to the full President Wilson, especially in his advocacy of the League of Nations, joined the Republican Party. As a Republican he cannot complain if the country, after being taught for generations that prosperity inevitably comes with and through the Republicans, now holds his party responsible for the bad times. He himself boasted during his preelection campaign that the nation had progressed from the full dinner pail to the full garage. How shriveled must he feel when he rereads his speech of acceptance of the Republican nomination on August 11, 1928, in which he declared that we were reaching "one of the oldest and perhaps the noblest of human aspirations . . . the abolition of poverty." By poverty, he explained, "I mean the grinding of undernourishment, cold, and ignorance, and fear of old age of those who have the will to work." He went on:

> We in America today are nearer the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poorhouse is vanishing from among us. We have not yet reached the goal, but given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years and we shall soon with the help of God be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

As if this were not enough, he continued in these striking words: *"There is no guaranty against poverty equal to a job for every man. This is the primary purpose of the economic policies we advocate."* Can he justly complain if he finds himself, less than three years later, held responsible for the six or seven millions of unemployed who are now confronted, not with "the abolition of poverty," but with absolutely empty dinner pails, and are facing "undernourishment, cold, and ignorance, and fear of old age"?

But if the major responsibility for the panic is not his, there are minor responsibilities for which he can be and is justly held responsible. His Treasury Department and the Federal Reserve could have put some brakes on the stock-exchange speculation long before the crash. He could have refused to put out, and to allow his Cabinet secretaries to put out, those endless misleading statements on the character of the crisis and the amount of unemployment, as to which *The Nation* will shortly print some interesting matter. No matter how innocent he was of responsibility for the evil times, there was no wisdom or common sense in his assuring his fellow-countrymen on March 8, 1930, that the unemployment was little more than seasonal and that there was every prospect that the depression would be over in two months. He who would prophesy must pay the price if his prophecies turn out to be as childish as the products of a kindergarten. If Mr. Hoover's White House conferences had a good effect upon the morale of his fellow-countrymen, at least in business circles, they none the less gave rise to much buncombe, to much mumbling that in every way we should be better tomorrow and tomorrow, and to the dissemination of a lot of bogus information. Deceiving your fellow-countrymen is no way to end economic distress!

Mr. Hoover is in another sense the victim of circumstances. We are witnessing the collapse not merely of one but of several political philosophies. We are beholding as well the breakdown of an entire social system. It matters not whether there will be one or many recoveries, or how soon prosperity will reappear; for some political legends are now wholly shattered, and when this panic ends not all the king's horses or all the king's men will put Humpty-Dumpty exactly together again. It is hard to believe that when the American people come out of this Slough of Despond they will again be so stupid or so set in money-making as not to lay ruthless hands upon some of the cherished idols of the masters of money who have also been the masters of our men, but stand now revealed in all their incredible plundering and blundering. But here, too, Mr. Hoover's lips are sealed. He has long identified himself completely with the policies and the system he so admires. To him it was near complete success. It was the greatest achievement of mankind. The record of the previous seven and a half Republican years (including the corruption of Harding's regime) "constitutes," he said, "a period of rare courage in leadership and constructive action. Never has a political party been able to look back upon a similar period with more satisfaction"—yes, upon its Fall, Mr. Hoover's

* The first of a series of ten articles on President Hoover's Record. The second, on Mr. Hoover's Foreign Policy, by Professor John B. Whitton, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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convicted Cabinet associate, its Daugherty, its Jess Smith, and all the rest!

Mr. Hoover is also to be pitied because his own theory of governing has broken down. His plan of government by commission has achieved only ridicule in the case of the Wickersham body; his other commissions have so far merely acted as lightning arresters, like his Committee on Unemployment, whose chairman, Colonel Arthur Woods, has finally run off to Europe in despair. His excellent plan for the reorganization of the government in Washington has come to nothing, partly because of Congressional indifference, and partly because of Mr. Hoover's own inability to challenge public interest and drive things through. His method of improving conditions within a trade by action of the trade itself under government leadership succeeds here but fails there. One business after another breaks down under his eyes: the rubber business, the oil business, the sugar business, the grain business, and numerous others. Without knowing whither such a policy may lead, these great industries each clamor for a czar and the right to fix prices and act unitedly without the slightest regard for the anti-trust laws. Yet Mr. Hoover does not himself come out for the anti-trust laws or against them. Men looked to him to achieve great administrative reforms because he was an engineer. They looked to him for extraordinary sympathy for the suffering and unemployed, only to find that he is willing that the unemployed should starve, but not that the American policy of refusing them any government aid which might be called a dole should be abandoned. Men thought that he would help us to an intelligent foreign policy, especially in relation to Europe. They have seen his Geneva disarmament conference break down and his London disarmament conference end disappointingly for lack of strong leadership and a clear-cut program. Men thought that he, a Quaker, might be relied upon to check our growing militarism, but under him, the Quaker, the aggrandizement of the military has gone on apace, until our military and naval forces have become a menace to American liberties. At least men thought that under his engineering and administrative skill waste, inefficiency, and extravagance would be cut out of the budget; only now, a year and a half after the Wall Street crash, with a deficit of $1,250,000,000 at hand, does he suddenly realize that there are twenty-five million dollars to be saved here, and twenty million there, when in one department at least the savings could run to two hundred millions—a Washington daily newspaper recently declared that the commission on reforms and retrenchment in the War Department had so decided.

What is it that has brought about this debacle in Herbert Hoover? Viewing him as calmly as my nature and judgment permit, it seems to me that what is chiefly undoing him is lack of courage; or to put it more severely, cowardice. Why is it when Herbert Hoover took office under real obligations to no man, when he was elected by the most tremendous sweep in our history, that he has not dared say his soul was his own; that he has made such indefensible appointments, that he has let himself be represented in the Senate by a Jim Watson, has frequently surrounded himself by wretched advisers, cheap and discredited politicians, and has appointed a Cabinet whose general average of mentality and ability is extraordinarily low? No one whom I know can give the answer. Why, for example, should the President have sent to one of the European countries as representative of the United States a man whose sole qualification was that he felt that he was entitled to a job (although a very rich man) because of his campaign contributions (he is today practically never at his post)? True, Mr. Wilson did similar things, and so have other Presidents; but why should an engineer, a man of great business efficiency, a tried administrator and executive, follow such bad examples?

Yes, it *is* cowardice at bottom. Man after man comes from the White House and declares privately that he is certain that Mr. Hoover would personally like to recognize Russia, but feels that he cannot because public opinion is not yet ready for it. But for what is a President there except to organize and lead public opinion in the direction in which his conscience tells him to go? Russia is but one example of many. It is impossible to avoid the belief that Mr. Hoover constantly does violence to his better self, that he knows better than his actions suggest, that at bottom his conscience troubles him. Like almost every other politician the world over, he has frequently disavowed his own beliefs, and has compromised deeply and often—as in the matter of signing the latest inexcusable tariff, which he solemnly told Congress he never, never would sign, and then did sign. By that action he contemptuously brushed aside the sound and considered judgment of more than a thousand of the country's leading economists, scholars, and men of affairs who besought his veto. Yet the still, small voice plainly troubles him—let him be credited with that, for better, for worse. But take his courage in both hands he rarely can. No more than a Watson or a Tilson does he perceive the simplest and plainest of all political truths—that the country honors nothing so much as bravery in its public men. No, often he is as timid as the timidest, and ever the second-term specter follows him about as persistently as Banquo's ghost pursued Macbeth. What is it that makes so unhappy a man desire four years more of the life he lives in the White House? Pride? Hope that a revival of prosperity before the end of his second term will bring him the cheers of the crowd? The belief that there is one more victory to be had in sticking to the dry side? Determination not to rank behind Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson, as a one-term President? One would think he would long for rest, for the quiet, peace, and happiness of private life.

It is a commonplace that no other public man is so thin-skinned as Mr. Hoover; surely no other man in the White House ever suffered so deeply from criticism, or was so sensitive to blame, not even Wilson. The refusal of a friend to go along farther hurts and rankles, is turned over and over within his breast. Moreover, his sensitiveness is closely akin to his emotionalism, and his emotions, easily stirred, lie near the surface. It is curious that none of the ready philosophy of the pioneer is his, none of the readiness to give and take cheerfully, as something all in the day's work, which one associates with the globe-trotting engineer and executive. So, it appears, his heart is set on vindication by reelection. He has all the desire of a weak man to appear the great and masterful leader he is not. Meanwhile, his shyness and his sensitiveness together too often make him appear at his worst. I saw him in the talkies accepting a cup from a sweet, clean-faced, young Scout, after the youngster, much scared, had stumbled through his little piece. In response no words but "I thank you" came from the Presi-

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dent. No generous gesture, no kind hand upon that handsome lad's shoulder, no message for all the other Scouts, no gracious human word of gratitude. Only "I thank you." His better nature, of course, struggles to break through, usually in vain. Ineptness, lack of grace joined with his shyness prevent, his intimates say, the appearance in public of the man of heart and warmth whom they know and cherish.

Yes, he can fight—at times, enough to whet the thirst of the onlooker for more, and to make one wonder why he is so slow and so infrequent in joining issue. He did fight against the Red Cross appropriation; he did stick to his guns on Muscle Shoals, and veto as well the highly desirable Wagner employment-exchange bill. He was unyielding in his opposition to the farm-debenture proposal and fought vigorously for his Power Commission appointees. He has, moreover, done some excellent things for which he merits full praise—his new Caribbean policy; his insistence upon disarmament, however feeble his moves in that direction; his veto of the veterans' loan measure; the establishment of publicity for tax refunds larger than $20,000, thus overruling his own Secretary of the Treasury and his own predecessor; and his withdrawal of all oil lands from leasing save where such leases had been made mandatory by Congress.

But these are after all few cases of courage compared to what was expected of him. Multitudes thought when he took office that a new era had come to pass, that a new type of public servant had taken office who would put efficiency and ability and complete independence above all else. Instead of a new leadership, it is the old, old lack of leadership with which we are confronted. Mr. Hoover is no different as a politician from Mr. Coolidge and other predecessors, except that he is a much poorer one. No one can claim that the bright side of his record reveals him as the man above all others fitted to steer the ship of state in the emergency which looms ahead. What may we expect of him as more and more of his cherished shibboleths are shoved aside; as he is compelled to take other positions he has sworn he never, never would take; as his beloved world of business, over which he was to be beyond compare the business President, crumbles more and more? Will he have the iron and the courage to meet changes head on as our business masters would have him? Or will he yield sullenly, gracelessly, unconvinced? Yield he must at many points if our economic disaster continues and grows worse. Or else—but let us neither prophesy nor borrow trouble. Only the fact is that in days when there should be plans and programs made to fit the minute, and new courses pricked upon the charts to meet the shifting tides and winds, the navigator has nothing to say save that the gales will soon blow themselves out, that the skies will soon be bright again and the sun warm.

Only—the masses had hoped and had longed, and the plain people had wished a real leadership, a new leadership; had dreamed of a man in the White House of whom it could never be said that he truckled or compromised or played the political game. Thus it has come to pass that men everywhere are saying that Mr. Hoover does not wish a newer and a better order, and a newer and juster world. And so the tides of human progress sweep by him and leave him high and dry, a cowering, frightened man in the most beautiful house in America. With the most wonderful opportunity to make himself not only the regenerator and the moral leader of aspiring America, yes, of the whole world, he fears to act, fears to assume that leadership which could easily write his name and fame upon the imperishable scroll of time.

# The Farce of Power Regulation

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

"WE, therefore, find that the Public Service Commission has been negligent in its duties, indifferent to its stewardship, and a menace to proper utility regulation. We recommend that the members of our Public Service Commission be immediately removed from office." This was the finding of a Pennsylvania legislative committee which in response to a resolution of the State legislature has for the past several months been conducting a most thorough investigation of the Public Service Commission and the utilities situation in that State.

The committee might have gone on to say that by its negligence and its indifference to its stewardship the regulatory commission has been consistently playing into the hands of the power trust, for this fact is brought out time and time again in the 5,181-page report the committee has sent to the legislature. For example, in 1927 the Scranton Electric Company earned more than 100 per cent on its common stock, and on the basis of these earnings declared a dividend of 48 per cent, transferring the remainder to surplus. A year or so later the exorbitant profits being made by this company were exposed by the Federal Trade Commission, and shortly thereafter Scranton Electric voluntarily reduced its rates. But all the facts uncovered by the federal body had for years been in the possession of the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania. It could at any time have moved to investigate Scranton Electric's immense profits, yet it refused to act until virtually compelled to do so as a result of the federal investigation. Even as recently as a few months ago one of the members of the State Commission declared before the legislative committee that the huge earnings of the Scranton company could not be accepted as indication that its rates were too high. And this statement he made months after the company had itself inferentially confessed that its rates were in fact exorbitant. What more tender consideration could the power trust expect from a State regulatory body?

The Scranton company has not stood alone in this respect. Henry L. Mitchell, president of the West Penn Power Company, testified that the commission had never acted to control the rates of his company. J. H. Shearer, president of the Penn Central Light and Power Company, told the committee his company had carried on its business as though there were no regulatory body in existence, and he answered with an unmistakable "No, sir," when asked

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if he knew "of any act taken by the Public Service Commission that has controlled either the cost of the line or the rate paid . . . in your territory." F. R. Phillips, president of the Duquesne Light and Equitable Gas companies, declared "That's news to me," upon being informed that the commission had fixed 7 per cent as a fair return on the capital investment of utility companies. Incidentally, Mr. Phillips frankly contended that there should be no legal limit placed upon power profits. Asked what was his conception of a proper return, he replied:

> First, to maintain the property in the highest physical condition, to insure the very best quality of service that can be rendered, and, second, rates that will be attractive in order to maintain the integrity of the property and to protect the investment of the investors and produce a high credit rating, whatever it is, whether 1 per cent or 15 per cent or 20 per cent. Economic law will determine that, not civil law.

In practice this appears to have been the very principle the Public Service Commission has been following. It is true that in the few cases in which it has taken positive action the commission has laid down the rule that a 7 per cent return was fair and equitable, but it is also true that the utilities companies have been almost universally permitted to earn much larger returns. On the exceedingly generous basis used by the commission in determining electric rates in 1928, only three companies of twenty-five investigated were found by the Bureau of Accounting to be earning less than a 7 per cent return. After 1928 a new accounting basis was adopted, and then thirty-nine of the largest companies in the State were earning more than 7 per cent, and seven of these companies had earnings in excess of 20 per cent. The return of the Natrona Light and Power Company was computed at 44.72 per cent, that of the Cresson Electric Light Company at 39.07 per cent, and that of the Hershey Electric Company at 33.53 per cent. Apparently economic law rather than legal regulation had been permitted to operate in these three cases. In any event the committee pointed out that the excessive earnings of these and other companies in the State represented "a return in the electric industry on a sum of over $300,000,000 *which was never invested.*" To this extent, the investigators concluded, the Public Service Commission "may be fairly said to have defeated regulation."

Unfortunately, the commission's negligence and indifference did not stop there. It was just as indifferent in accepting unquestioningly the electric companies' own estimates of the value of their capital investments, and it must be remembered that these valuations are the basis upon which are fixed the rates charged the public for electricity, gas, water, telephone, and other service. Several methods have been used in recent years in making valuations, but the commission was found to have permitted the utilities to make their own appraisals, except in a very few cases, whatever the method of valuation currently in vogue. Many companies have taken advantage of this attitude of the commission to write up the value of their assets on their books either by arbitrarily increasing these book values or "through the more elaborate manipulation of having a second, affiliated company purchase the stock of a series of small companies at highly speculative prices, and then sell them to the operating company, which wrote them on its books at the purchase price far above the actual money invested in the plant and equipment itself." Of this practice the committee report said:

> Although the bases on which these write-ups were made were not checked in any way by disinterested authorities, they were accepted by the commission at full value. Thus Commissioner Young expressed the opinion that when an appraisal was written on the books of a company, "it is pretty good indication of what their earnings are and a fair value of their property."

The committee added that "some of these were arbitrary write-ups, based on ex parte appraisals and probably influenced by the fact that the commission was allowing large earnings and that the property could consequently be capitalized at a higher figure, following the practice of unregulated industries."

It would not be fair to say that the Public Service Commission had in every case given the utilities a free hand in appraising their assets and fixing their rates. It has in fact participated in several rate and valuation cases, but until 1930 not one of these cases had been started upon its own initiative. This the commissioners themselves admitted in testifying at one of the committee hearings, the committee report adding that "in regard to natural gas companies, water, telephone, and other companies, the commission apparently has made no surveys at all." Nevertheless, the commission has acted in a few cases, but here again it has all too obviously subordinated the public interest to that of the utilities. The pretense of a scientific examination of facts was maintained by sending testimony taken in such cases to the State Bureau of Engineering for analysis, but instead of reaching any scientific and unprejudiced conclusions "it appears," said the committee report, "that the policy of the Bureau of Engineering has been to attempt to arrive at results desired by the commission." This was brought out by questioning Chief Snow of the Bureau of Engineering, who candidly admitted that "we don't fix value on land, but we do what our masters tell us." He explained that his "masters" were "the Public Service Commission who hired us."

How the "masters" issue their orders was revealed in a letter read into the record. A valuation of $4,000,000 had been placed upon the assets of the Luzerne County Gas and Electric Company, but according to the investigating committee "this evidently was not satisfactory to the sitting commissioner as such a valuation would not sustain the existing rates." At any rate, the sitting commissioner wrote the assistant chief of the Bureau of Engineering in the following words:

> I do not know what your method will be of increasing the figures of fair value, but it occurred to me that you might be able to justify a higher estimate on a few of the items on physical property upon which the engineers did not agree. For instance: Were there not some conditions perhaps involved which slightly differentiate it from other cases upon which the commission has ruled? Could not item *d* be lifted eight or ten thousand? How about item *h*, might that not allow a little stretch of ten thousand? In *j* is your position correct that the claim is substantially comprehended in Going Concern, etc.?
>
> These questions are asked not in the way of criticism but with a view of helping you or rather of making you feel that I did not desert you and make you carry the whole burden without giving the case any further thought. You

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> may have discovered a better line of approach and found some line of cleavage that will help you through the mire. . . .

In other words, this seems to say, don't lean too heavily on the facts, but give the utility what it wants. Whether this be an exact interpretation or not, the Bureau of Engineering did subsequently increase its original $4,000,000 valuation by approximately $800,000. Virtually the same thing happened in the Scranton Water Company merger case in January, 1928. The engineers had found by careful computation that common-labor costs should be reckoned at forty cents an hour. Chief Snow later increased this item to fifty cents, the figure claimed by the utility company, and this increase made a difference of $4,500,000 in the valuation. Three of the commissioners were questioned at length by the committee as to the reasons for this change, "but could give no rational basis for the lump-sum alterations. . . . In every case their only answer was that it was a matter of judgment."

By relying on their judgment the commissioners found that they could also be helpful to the utilities in estimating the financial value of that intangible factor called good-will. The engineering report in the Scranton Electric case in 1930 allowed $2,000,000 for "going-concern value," otherwise known as good-will. The engineer in charge testified that there was no established rule for making such estimates, but in this particular case the sum of $2,000,000 was agreed upon "after observation of the territory, its prospects and growth and development; it [the sum] is a recognition of the economic worth-whileness of this utility property to serve in comparison with unregulated business undertakings in this area served." The language here is ambiguous, but it suggests that what the engineer really sought and found was the answer to the question of how much the electricity traffic in that territory would bear. In the words of the investigating committee, the method used "amounts to allowing a utility to capitalize the growth of the community where it is located and to collect a return from the consumers on that growth."

Thus it appears that the utilities in Pennsylvania have virtually had their own way in fixing rates and in appraising the value of their property for rate-making purposes in those few cases in which the Public Service Commission has acted. The utilities have not even hesitated to send different and in many cases much lower estimates of the value of their capital assets to the Department of Revenue for taxation purposes. The fixed capital (less reserves) of eighteen companies as reported to the Public Service Commission totaled $237,575,227.93; the estimated value of the fixed assets of the same companies as reported to the Department of Revenue totaled $173,673,643.51, or about 35 per cent less. In this list is included the Clarion River Power Company, whose capital was reported as $11,226,390.66 for rate-making purposes, and as only $4,773,322.67 for taxation purposes. The Duquesne Lighting Company estimated its capital at $149,361,000.20 for the Public Service Commission's records, but reduced this estimate to $107,611,701.61 in its capital-stock tax report. However, the utilities had little to fear in this connection. As far as has been shown, the Public Service Commission never once availed itself of this opportunity to check up on the capital-investment valuations submitted to it by the various utilities.

In the hearings before the legislative committee the utility commissioners admitted many of their shortcomings, but sought to defend themselves on the ground that "this commission leans, if it leans any way at all, toward the public." Commissioners Young and Brown contended that 75 per cent of the rate cases had been decided in favor of the public against the railroads and other utilities. Later the commission brought forward actual figures for the years 1926 to 1930, and these showed that "the claim was true only in railroad rates. In other cases only one out of three complaints was sustained. In the case of railroad rates the commission is largely bound by the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission." Moreover, in many instances in which the commission had taken positive action against the utilities the latter either ignored the commission's orders or else evaded them, as happened in the Penn Public Service Company case. By merely changing its name this company was enabled to take over properties it previously had been forbidden to buy.

The consumers' side of the utility-regulation question was presented by municipal officials representing 886 of the 950 boroughs in the State. "Not one representative of all these boroughs praised the Public Service Commission," according to the legislative committee's report. In addition to their general complaints, the borough delegates brought out the fact that consumers and public bodies are at a marked disadvantage in pressing rate complaints before the commission. Many of them testified, to quote a short passage from the report,

> . . . that when the utilities increased the rates in their municipality the boroughs did not file a complaint because they could not afford to enter into litigation and attempt to get justice for the consumers. . . . No municipality can safely contemplate a rate case unless they are prepared to spend a minimum of $25,000 to establish their case. Added to this expense is that of the utility. The company attempting to justify the increase in rates must also employ expert engineers and accountants. They must also make a complete inventory of their plant. They must also employ experienced counsel to represent them. The average cost of a rate case to a utility is $25,000. . . . An examination of the records of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission will show that the utilities have spent with an open hand in their attempts to establish their new rates. And why should they be conservative at a time like this? The consumer will be obliged to pay it all back. The expense incurred by the utility in fighting the rate case is amortized over a period of years and added in as an operating expense. . . . This means, therefore, that the consumer must not only pay his share of this rate case, but he must also pay the company's share.

The committee report presented a specific example of this in the Conewago Gas case. The Borough of Hanover won the case, but the company was authorized by the Public Service Commission to amortize its expense totaling $10,500 over a period of three years at $3,500 a year. Although the case was decided in 1918, "the citizens of Hanover are still paying this additional $3,500 a year."

Hundreds of similar examples and facts were uncovered during the investigation, but the few here cited are perhaps sufficient to show that the power trust has been the principal, if not the sole, beneficiary of State regulation of utilities in Pennsylvania.

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# One of the Six Million

By T. SWANN HARDING

I WAS working in the back yard the other day, for therapeutic reasons rather than motivated by a love of nature, when one of the six million called to me over the fence and introduced himself. Of course I already knew of the fellow, but I had never seen him in the flesh, that is, in as much of the flesh as he had left after several months of malnutrition. He had a disarming and rather humiliating obsequiousness about him, at least it humiliated me. For some reason or other he seemed to think he was not so good as I was, and he asked about work, but he smiled as he did so.

So this was Mr. Dawson. My wife had had him there earlier in the year, in fact, early last fall, it being spring now. He had dropped in one day and asked to work in the yard. He was a veteran. While I had my back turned he was over in France fighting for me. Now he had a wife and two children, a growing goiter, and no job. He didn't get any allowance for heroism. It seems he hadn't suffered any physical injury in the war. He had no pull anyway. He had the wife and children in a bare room over on the other side of the capital city of the richest country on earth. They had a few boxes and blankets. They were somehow struggling along. My wife had set him to work, she told me, and he had had all he could do to tug around until she discovered he had had no breakfast. In fact, he had had no dinner the night before. So she cooked him a big breakfast and he ate it and got sick and couldn't work after all. Then she gave him five dollars and he went off happy.

He came back two or three times after that. Sometimes he did what little work we had for him to do. He had had a skilled trade of some sort or other that had been closed out by machinery; so I saw in him one of the "technologically unemployed" as well as one of the six million. Now he would scrub floors, or wash out the bathtub, or clean rugs, or do almost anything, and we paid him more than it was worth to help keep his wife and kids alive. If they had been let starve at once, it might have been better all round.

For why not? We have too much labor going to waste as it is. Why prolong the misery? What right did he have to have children anyway? Why did he even have a wife? Do people have no caution when they live in economic anarchy? I was canny, I was. I tied myself pretty close to socialism. I got into the government as soon as I could, where employment is financed socialistically. I also got told some pretty nasty things for doing that—especially the time I left my one detour into industrial life at the end of four years, after I had got tired of our president's one bad habit. He was an austerely moral man, but he would call me down to his office every so often—this was between 1918 and 1922—and show me letters from starving chemists outside who would be glad to come in and take my job for half the salary. He would show the letters and sigh significantly and remark that business was awful. I got tired of that and went back to socialism.

I was always very careful how I assumed obligations, too. I got married, of course, but I sidestepped children. What right has a man who lives in a society based upon economic anarchy to have children? None, I feel. He only runs a big risk of doing them monstrous injustice. As far as two people are concerned, a wife can often support herself, if worse comes to worst, and there is no great harm in risking a wife, particularly if you are willing to take small money coming surely on pay day. My professional friends on the outside amuse me right now writing in and telling me how hard times are, how doctors' and dentists' and lawyers' fees are not paid. And I write: "You kidded me when I took the government as a sure thing at a small salary. You said I had kissed initiative and individual independence and the chance to make a fortune goodby. Well, I had. But it would humiliate me to depend on the fees of the unemployed as you do. No, I believe in taking no chances in economic anarchy."

Mr. Dawson had taken chances. He had a skilled trade; he made his eight dollars a day; and he accumulated a wife and two children. Then machines came along and squeezed the economic life out of him, and he found himself just exactly where he should have expected himself to be if he had had any brains at all or had considered the matter. Since he lacked judgment, what business was it of mine? Of course, so long as he came to the house he got on my wife's nerves and he got on mine, so we gave him money to be rid of him. You can't feel comfortable with pale-faced men starving pleasantly and placidly right before your eyes. It is better to give them a little money and let them go off and starve less obtrusively (to you) on the other side of the city, in a bare room where you don't see them.

For that would be painful to me. I blame Dawson, of course. He knew jolly well what sort of economic anarchy he was growing up in. He had sense enough for that. He is thirty-five. He came up about as I did. I am forty. Ever since I was fifteen I have been in contact in one way or another with sudden unemployment, seldom due to personal deficiencies. I grew up in a family where the father could not remain employed and where agents of the landlord continually threatened to set us out in the street. By the time I was seventeen I had decided that a man was a fool to have children in such a disorganized society and that until the social and economic system was more stable, I should never think of establishing a family. The state wants families, true enough, but so long as we cannot perfect a state which will guarantee families against economic want, and so long as an anarchy prevails which may throw any man out of a job tomorrow, through no fault of his own, I wanted no families. Dawson had that much sense, too, if he had stopped to think of it.

However, he got out of my life. I forgot him. Why should I be annoyed with him and the results which followed from his errors in judgment, anyway? Why does the government permit me to be bothered by such men? I have attained peace and tranquillity. I can sit in a chair and

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draw a good salary. I was canny and cautious. I sized this system up, acted accordingly, and came out on top. What have I to do with fellows like Dawson? Why should they even be permitted to cross my path and annoy me? He went out of my life, anyway. If I stopped to think of it I knew he was hanging desperately on to life somewhere and that the kids couldn't go to school because they were too hungry. But he could go over and look at Lincoln Memorial. He could drown himself in the pool over there, or hop off a million-dollar bridge.

Last week I began to feel logy. I knew I needed some stooping and bending and I decided on three hours in the back yard. I probably hate nothing more bitterly than I do physical exertion, but the human system aged forty demands this at times, and though I rebelled I went forth to rake leaves, fix fences, mow grass, and tidy the yard. I had worked about half an hour when Mr. Dawson came to me. I recognized him at once as one of the six million. Then I saw the goiter and knew also who it was. He introduced himself and said my wife had told him to come in the spring, she would have work for him. He had been selling apples but the racket wore out. Had I anything?

I was annoyed. Can't a slightly distended male citizen work in his own yard to keep his own arteries from hardening without pale, poorly nourished members of the six million approaching and begging piteously for work? Must I pay this man to do what my physical organism simply demanded that I do? I would be hard. I said no, firmly, and I meant it. He bowed and walked away.

As I raked I thought. He was finishing up in the next yard. That woman would give him about twenty-five cents an hour and he would work for that because he had to. He would leave with fifty cents. Should I give him money? I rebelled. Then I weakened and called him. He came subserviently. It humiliates me to be approached that way. I don't like it. The man had no poise. How could he retain that, badly nourished as he was? I said come Monday. In the meantime I decided I could think up something for him to do, and I did. I left word for him to wait when he got through working till I got out home, for I had a suit I decided to risk offering him.

When I got home he had gone off. But the housekeeper went after him. He was sitting down at the bank waiting—just waiting. He had done the little work I had in about an hour. I decided to give him two dollars and the suit, an outrageous thing in a way if you maintain that the laborer should justly requite his employer. When he came he had on an overcoat and two shabby undercoats. He was clean but his clothes were pretty terrible. He had a newspaper bundle and a battered hat which he took off. I didn't like that. He acted as if he were some European peasant and I were the lord of the manor. Had he forgotten he was a free-born American citizen and I was no better than he? Didn't he know all men were equal? He made me uneasy.

As casually as I could I said, "Well, how about $2?" He swallowed hard and his face lighted up as if I had told him to enter heaven, I had fixed it up with God. "Is the work satisfactory?" Fancy his asking that. It didn't matter to me what he did. I was giving him the money to help out. Surely it was satisfactory. I gave him the money and then in a low voice asked about the suit. I was ass enough to think he might resent being offered one of my old suits. He didn't reply in a low voice. He was so overjoyed at the very thought that he spoke right out. I got the suit and he admired it as if it had been brand-new. I asked him to wait till I found paper to wrap it. I hunted all over and couldn't find a bit. I came back baffled, when he burst out he would be glad to take it unwrapped. Lord, had I forgotten he had long since got past the point where carrying an unwrapped suit bothered his sense of respectability?

His face beamed. He had a long nose. The sinews stood out in his neck. He was visibly emaciated. The goiter looked alarming. This was Mr. Dawson, free-born American citizen, glad to get two dollars he didn't earn, and a cast-off suit, from a man no better than he was, and acting as if that man had conferred an everlasting favor upon him. This was Mr. Dawson, one of the six million. He told me the lady across the street was going to send him down to her farm in Virginia the next day and he would be there the rest of the week. I congratulated him. I told him to come back the following Monday when my wife would be home. I was rid of him for a week. Was I rid of him?

Mr. Dawson turned away and I went in. The housekeeper remarked, "Poor man," and sighed. I looked at her questioningly and she told me Mr. Dawson had no home. His wife and children had been packed off to relatives. The bare room on the other side of the capital city of the richest nation on earth was vacant.

This was not, you see, one of the six million after all. It was not one out of seven unemployed wage-earners. It was not a percentage, or a unit of population, or a mathematical figment of the technologically unemployed. It was not a fraction of surplus labor or one of the underprivileged classes. This was Mr. Dawson, an American citizen known to me, who bore his home and his wardrobe with him and slept where he could; he also ate with an infrequency that must have been somewhat alarming to his alimentary apparatus. Yet he was as polite about it as Alfonso on leaving the Spanish throne. He was as certain that everything would finally come out all right as a man ever was. He was as placidly unprejudiced against the employer who fired him and the social and economic anarchy in which he lived as he could be. He had never thought of social or economic questions; he told me he "couldn't put his mind to big questions very well."

The trouble about it is that I have been a careful, cautious citizen. If I have reaped any fruits from this civilization at all, I have done so because I carefully scanned the system and decided that an individual could beat it by only one policy—by exercising the most extreme caution. I have a right now to peace and tranquillity. I have a right to some protection from these fellows who starve with such disturbing placid courtesy. Yet I can't get the fellow out of my mind. He haunts me. Now that I have seen him, and he has become a personal reality rather than a subject of conversation with my wife, his face peeks out at me unexpectedly. He doesn't sneer. He doesn't appear vindictive. He doesn't display envy, or malignancy, or even acute suffering. He half smiles and bows obsequiously. He is dying that an obsolete system may live, and he that is not about to die, but who rather dies daily and hourly, in silent and desolate misery, salutes me with a smile and bows to a common rotter like me.

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# Copyright and Common Sense

By THORVALD SOLBERG

THE period of copyright protection for an author's work is, under existing law, a first term of twenty-eight years with a possible renewal for a like period. The International Copyright Union protects an author's work during the remainder of his life after he has created the work and for fifty years after his death. It is one of the fundamental purposes of the Copyright Union to secure all possible uniformity in the protection of literary property, and this term of protection was adopted because it is now accorded by the legislation of most of the countries of Europe. Variations exist, however. Germany protects an author's work for only thirty years after his death; Spain extends such protection for eighty years after a writer's decease. But it is not obligatory to accept the Copyright Union's term of copyright in order to enter that organization. The protection accorded by the domestic legislation of each country may be continued, except that such protection cannot exceed the term fixed in the country of origin of the work.

In the copyright bill H. R. 12,549, which passed the House of Representatives on January 13, 1931, the Copyright Union term was proposed. The Senate Committee on Patents, in lieu of this, suggested a direct term of seventy years. In the committee's report on the bill it was explained that in their opinion the proposed term in the House bill revealed inconsistencies which should be removed. It was pointed out that under that proposal only in rare instances would copyright exist for an equal term for any two authors. If, for example, one author died soon after writing his work, "he would have a copyright in himself for a very brief period of time which would be extended in favor of his heirs or assigns for a further period of fifty years," whereas if an author should live fifty years after creating his work, he would be entitled to a total protection of 100 years! So also, in the case of a work by joint authors, the Vestal bill provided that the copyright should end fifty years after the death of the author who should die first or at the end of the life of the author who should die last—whichever period might be longer. From information furnished to the Senate committee, the report states, it was ascertained that the average age at which authors do most of their creative work is approximately from thirty-five to forty-five years, and that the approximate duration of life thereafter is twenty years. As the International Copyright Union provides a term of fifty years of copyright from and after the death of an author, the committee decided "to add this extension of fifty years to the average twenty years' duration of his life after the creation of his work," thus making a total term of seventy years. This would insure that the maximum protection should not exceed seventy years for the works of any and all authors, but the date at the end of the copyright would differ in the case of each work by any one author. It is one advantage of a term ending fifty years after the death of the author that while each of his works would be protected for a different period of time, all his copyrights would fall into the public domain simultaneously at that final date.

Under the provisions of the Senate bill it would not be possible to learn the exact date when the copyright in any work either began or ended. Section 12 provides: "The term for which copyright is secured by this act shall endure for seventy years from the date of copyright." Section 1 reads: "Copyright . . . is hereby secured and granted to authors . . . from and after the creation of their work." But as there are no provisions for the obligatory recording of the date of the completion of any work, there are no means available for ascertaining when the work was actually created or when the seventy-year term began, and, in consequence, no power to determine when the protection ended. The seventy years proposed would increase by fourteen years the present maximum period of copyright, which is now fifty-six years, two terms of twenty-eight years each.

It is a curious fact that this period of fourteen years has prevailed in copyright legislation since the first British act of 1709, when copyright protection was granted for new works for fourteen years. That term was copied in some of our early State laws, 1783-86, and in our first federal Copyright Act of 1790, with its first term of fourteen years and a second term also of fourteen years. In the Act of 1831 the first term was increased from fourteen to twenty-eight years, but the renewal term remained fourteen years. In the Act of 1909 the renewal term was increased from fourteen to twenty-eight years; thus providing for two terms of twenty-eight years each, or a maximum of fifty-six years, which it is now proposed to increase fourteen years more to a total of seventy years.

A comparatively small number of copyrighted works are protected for the present maximum period. The number has increased in recent years and the renewal entries for 1929-30 numbered 5,937; but from 1909 to 1930 the average renewal entries per year were less than 3,000, and the total number of such entries was 55,813. When the term of copyright protection has been extended by law, it has been held proper to increase the period of subsisting copyrights accordingly. The Copyright Act of 1909 provides that the then subsisting copyrights might "be renewed and extended . . . for a further period such that the entire term shall be equal to that secured by this act." This extension of protection was not, however, automatic; the act requires that "application for such renewal and extension shall have been made to the Copyright Office and duly registered therein within one year prior to the expiration of the original term of copyright."

The Senate bill provides (Section 13) that the "copyright subsisting in any work when this act goes into effect shall be continued seventy years from the date of copyright." The bill does not prescribe compliance with any formalities whatever. The extension of all subsisting copyrights is automatic. If it should go into force on July 1, 1932, the copyrights then subsisting which would be extended would be the copyrights for all works registered after July 1, 1904. These numbered 3,513,224, up to June 30, 1930, and if the registrations for the two succeeding fiscal years are estimated at 350,000, the total number of subsisting copyrights when

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the act goes into effect would be 3,863,224. These registrations are for works now protected for a first term of copyright of twenty-eight years, which protection, under the provisions of the Senate bill, would be extended to a new term of seventy years—that is to say, in the case of each one of these nearly four million works the increase of protection would be forty-two years.

It may be believed that no such result was intended and it may be reasonably held that no such result should be permitted. While it is well known that the great mass of copyrighted works are for all practical purposes dead and forgotten after a comparatively few years from the date of their publication, it would not be desirable now to tie them all up automatically by legal inhibition so that there would be a delay of forty-two years in each case before these nearly four million works would fall into the public domain. On the other hand, works of such outstanding value or considerable popularity that they would be still published at the end of the present term of protection, and copies of them still demanded and sold, should, in justice to their authors or the children and heirs of the creators of these works, secure an extended copyright to make the total time of protection equal any copyright term finally adopted.

# In the Driftway

ALWAYS, in his heart of hearts, the Drifter has longed to carry a cane. Spats he can take or leave alone, for their uses are too practical, in the last analysis, whatever be the verdict of history on the folk who wear them. There is little satisfaction in going around with decorated ankles, when your motive can be construed ambiguously. But a cane, at any rate upon the streets of a metropolis—what useful purpose could it have? Against the stick-up man it would exert quite other than a helpful influence, for it would put you in the idle class. For protection against skidding, fully as great a danger for hell-bent pedestrians like the Drifter as for motorists, a cane might be of value; but even here the credit side is overbalanced by the probability of its getting tangled up with people's feet, not excluding the Drifter's own.

* * * * *

WHEN he was younger, the Drifter might have dared it. Even now he looks with jealous eyes upon the collection he keeps hidden far from prying multitudes. Here is an ash stick carved into a rude design, its head resembling a crayfish which looks warily out of a hole on the bank of an Ohio stream. Here is one artistically without distinction, but which aided the Drifter up a lonely mountain side in N'oth Ca'lina and shared some dangerous night adventures over broken trestles. Still another is a relic of undergraduate days, when this evidence of membership in the Senior Class was paraded vulgarly down the chapel aisle. A fourth was crudely purchased with tourist money in the Alps, but at the bottom of it is a beautiful, virile spike which would be a great help in climbing Mont Blanc if only the Drifter dared try it. And among the rest none evokes more honest pleasure than the old bamboo affair which was thrown at the Drifter's head by an irate old man years ago, when the Drifter, in company with a gang of praiseworthy young rascals, had hung a dried fish on the door as a token of censure for the misanthrope's habit of stealing—for such we called it—all baseballs accidentally batted into his garden.

* * * * *

OH, it is sad, but the Drifter cannot, like a willow, put forth shoots in summer and bask in smug magnificence. For years he has denied his inmost self this boon. In a byway of Barcelona he could have bought a beautiful, swishing work of art, that would have been a knock-out on Fifth Avenue, for a paltry three pesetas. In Lancashire he saw one once that looked like a briar pipe the whole of its lovely length, but he still clung to his eager shilling. Twice in Venice, once in Nürnberg, and another time in Brittany, he could have quieted the urge for less than twenty cents. It isn't that the Drifter runs to luxury; that's the most venomous thing about it.

* * * * *

THE sore truth is, the Drifter has a subtle, gnawing fear. Some day, unless he exercises vigilance, someone will think him better than he wants to be. For him, from that day onward, life's obligation will be heavy, life's fun will all be over. That experienced globe-trotter, Harry A. Franck, in one of his wanderer's volumes, lays down a solemn dictum. "To be without a walking stick," he says, "is to be mistaken for a man rather than a gentleman." You note the delicacy of the imputation. Never, so long as he can help it, will the Drifter be *mistaken* for a gentleman.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Alabama Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of Mrs. Van Doren's excellent article about the unfortunate young Negroes condemned to death for alleged rape of two white girls in Alabama will be interested in the following illustration of how the mind of a jury in that State sometimes "works" (if that term may be used with accuracy).

In Reed *vs.* State (20 Alabama Appellate Reports, 496; 1925) the Alabama Court of Appeals had up for review the case of a colored man and a white woman who had been tried jointly in Washington County Circuit Court for violation of the anti-miscegenation law. The proceedings and evidence as to both parties were identical. Nevertheless, the jury returned a verdict of guilty as to the Negro but failed to make any findings as to his white codefendant—a disposition which the trial judge concurred in by pronouncing judgment on the colored man only. Obviously prompted by the impulse of "commendable guardianship and abundant generosity" which "the dominant race manifests toward the inferior race," and "inspired by motives not only of fundamental justice but of sentiment engendered by the earlier legal dependence and subjection of the slave to the master" (Story *vs.* State, 178 Alabama Reports, 98, 103; 1912), the appellate court reversed the judgment of the trial court and remanded the case for a new trial. As a matter of law, declared the court, the Negro and the white woman must both be found guilty or both acquitted.

*New York, June 4* HAROLD ROLAND SHAPIRO

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# Hard Times in the West

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Out here on the edge of the Rockies five-dollar bills are becoming almost as scarce as mountain goats and grizzlies. There are thousands of able-bodied men working on farms in these parts for a dollar a day and one meal. There are many who receive their board only and perhaps consider themselves lucky at that. In the beet fields the workers have this year been reduced to $17 per acre with practically no possibility of a bonus. A strong man can tend ten or eleven acres. That means less than $200 for an entire season of torturing, back-breaking toil. The condition of the farmers themselves is little better. Eggs are selling for 10 cents a dozen, butter fat for 15 cents a pound. Beans bring only $1.50 per hundred pounds. Despite excellent crops last year, conditions are very bad.

I have little faith in the palliatives proposed by progressives and liberals but I have respect and admiration for a paper that reports *real* news and faces *real* issues with intellectual honesty and candor. I think you deserve much praise for your fair and illuminating articles on Russia.

*Colorado Springs, May 23* B. L. Coleman

# In the Cattle Country

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am sorry to lose *The Nation*. Hard times are to blame. Formerly I could now and then mingle with people from whom a subscription would occasionally be secured. Today the ranches have thinned down. In this cattle country folks now admit having eaten horse meat. Colts are slaughtered. Eggs bring 5 to 16 cents not only here but in some parts of the Dakotas as well. A sack of flour retails at $2.85, while anyone on the range may buy from neighbors 100 pounds of wheat for $1. Sometimes one gets it for 40 cents a bushel (60 pounds). For $3,000 I can buy from the county ample land on which to place all of New York City. There are fifty-five counties in the State, and each one of them is being dragged under by land on which the owners cannot or will not pay taxes. From the courthouse steps on a given day, by due process of law, you can bid as you please and buy a square mile of good land for $320, or 50 cents an acre.

*The Nation* reports on relief or lack of it for the unemployed. I wish it would tell what is occurring to people out in this part of the country.

*Custer, Mont., May 23* An Old Reader

# Religious Liberty in Maryland

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is Mr. Mencken's characterization of the Free State of Maryland correct? For a generation demands have been pressed in Maryland for the insertion of the principle of elementary freedom of conscience in its constitution, code, and decisions. Yet the last legislature refused to consider a bill which would make civil marriage legal, no marriage without religious sanctification being legal at present in the State of Maryland. Mr. Douglas H. Gordon, newly elected president of St. John's College, has urged an amendment to the constitution of Maryland, which as it stands denies the right to testify to any except "believers in a Supreme Being under whose dispensation one will be rewarded for his good deeds and suffer punishment for his bad deeds." Maryland and Arkansas stand alone in this denial, though there are still nineteen States in which unbelief of witnesses either makes their testimony incompetent (unreceivable) or so affects its credibility that it may be killed on cross-examination by appeals to the religious prejudices of the jury.

The legislature also killed a bill abolishing religious tests for office. Such an important office as constable still requires the "declaration of religious belief" in addition to the constitutional oath of office. In fact, the new officer is required "to declare orally at the time his belief in the Christian religion or, if he professes to be a Jew, his belief in a future state of rewards and punishments." Singularly, this medieval adjuration makes it impossible for adherents of any other religion except the two specified above to hold office, and unbelievers are entirely ignored. No attempt has been made to alter the code prescribing heavy penalties for the denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ and the Holy Family, or to remove from the Sabbath-breaking laws the requirement of the Edict of Toleration of 1649, whereunder to this day the Lord's Day is observed "in commemoration of the Resurrection."

*Baltimore, June 3* B. H. Hartogensis

# An Appeal to the Deaf

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to appeal to those of your readers who, like myself, have become deafened in adult life and are shut out from social contacts with friends whose ideas and opinions might help to make life worth while. Lip-reading does not enable one to follow lectures or plays or general conversation, and in cases like my own, electrical and mechanical aids to hearing are of no avail in listening to music or the radio. There remains for us so afflicted, yet having a strong social instinct and almost boundless energies for intellectual development, only correspondence with like-minded fellow-sufferers who understand one another's problems. I should be glad to hear from any of your deafened readers who are in sympathy with my views and who would care to correspond with myself and others. My address is 529 West 111th Street.

*New York, June 3* Louise M. Neuschutz

# Seattle Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will all readers of *The Nation* in and near Seattle who are interested in meeting together for the purpose of social contact and mutual assistance in the promotion of the interests of *The Nation* and the cause it represents, please communicate with me at the following address, 604 Twenty-fourth Avenue, North, Seattle.

*Seattle, May 21* J. F. Cronin

# Readers in Lincoln, Nebraska

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few liberals in Lincoln have expressed a desire for a free forum such as is conducted in some of the larger cities. Since I believe that readers of *The Nation* may be interested, may I ask those who are to address me at Box 1367, Lincoln, Nebraska?

*Lincoln, May 22* Joseph Gilbert

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# Books and Films

## Earth Is No Symbol

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Earth is no pledge or symbol held to the light
Or spun against the darkness for a token
To such as we who cannot sleep at night
Thinking of death, and all the body broken.

Death's but a stone that crumbling in the night
Lives surely downward and is earth again;
Or the wind shifts, and clouds across the light
Darken the seeming of the moon to men.

O, question nothing: grown infallibly,
The rooted heart shall know the dark of the moon;
Water that wears the hills to an ignorant sea
Is blood along the bone, and a sweet tune.

Earth could be image of no fairer thing
Than dwindling autumn or exceeding spring.

## The Columbia "Milton"

*The Works of John Milton.* Volumes I and II. Columbia University Press. Each $10.

IT has long been one of the paradoxes of our scholarship that we have no complete edition of the works of Milton; and the publication, accordingly, of the first two volumes of the Columbia "Milton" constitutes an event of first-rate importance in the history of English studies. It is eighty years since Mitford's edition appeared. Mitford did not include the important treatise "On Christian Doctrine," discovered in 1823—a treatise which, even if it were unimportant, would still be interesting from the circumstance that its publication in 1825 occasioned Macaulay's Essay. The Mitford necessarily lacks a number of minor Milton items; and above all it lacks the apparatus of modern scholarship. Whatever defects subsequent study may reveal in the Columbia "Milton," at least no one will charge it with defect of critical apparatus. Indeed, apparatus could no farther go, and even a critic friendly to minute scholarship will wonder why it was necessary to record every variant—or any variant—from the 1680 edition of "Paradise Regained."

These first two volumes—which are, in fact, four—take in the whole of Milton's poetry. They are to be followed by the complete prose works in sixteen volumes—which will really be seventeen; and the whole will be rounded off by a volume of bibliography. The editors hope within the next five years to see the end of an undertaking conceived twenty years ago—conceived upon generous and noble lines, and in the execution of it informed throughout by a proper sense of the dignity of scholarship. The externals of design, printing, and binding are sufficiently praised when it is said that they have been intrusted to William Edwin Rudge.

Beginning with the Poems, the editors have taken first the easy and enjoyable part of their task. This is, even so, the first *critical* edition of the Poems of Milton which the student of Milton has ever seen. The material lay ready to hand, but until now the necessary industry and enterprise were wanting. The critical principles which the editors have laid down for themselves cannot, I think, be criticized. They print, in every case, the text of the latest edition published in Milton's lifetime. And in fact, even for "Paradise Lost," no other course was open to them. Here and there they will be criticized as over-conservative: in particular, they have, I feel, too much persuaded themselves that the 1674 edition of "Paradise Lost" is incapable of error—they follow it even where it is patently wrong (e. g., i, 530; ii, 282; viii, 269). To the text which they print, however, they append, at the end of each volume, every variant from all the texts printed in Milton's lifetime and every variant from the extant manuscripts. They must be congratulated on a good and clear arrangement of the variant lections; and especially upon the manner in which they have dealt with those of the Minor Poems—where they had a difficult task.

The student of Milton will turn with particular interest to the array of variants gathered for the first book of "Paradise Lost" from the Morgan MS. Here, it can hardly be doubted, is the actual "copy" handed by Milton to his printers in 1667. The collation of it offered by the Columbia editors is, I think, in the main, careful. But it is not wholly free from inaccuracies. The punctuation is not always truly recorded; and here and there interesting details have been missed. For example, at line 71, and again at line 432, the MS reads, not *those,* but *these.* At 756 the original, the surely true, reading is *Capitoll,* not *Capitall.* The whole will need careful checking—a collotype facsimile of the MS is to be published shortly, edited by Miss Helen Darbishire. The MS itself has been on loan in Oxford for some time; and these small corrections I owe to the kindness of Miss Darbishire. Elsewhere I have tried to check the record of variants by notes of my own made at different times; and I cannot but think that the Columbia editors are occasionally in error in small matters; for example, in their record from the MS of the poem to Rouse.

The critical apparatus includes (I have hinted) a good deal that might well have been spared. It also excludes a good deal which the student of the text has a right to expect. There are a good many readers of Milton, for example, who have never seen the famous line

And what is else not to be overcome?

correctly printed; who know it only in the form in which alone, apparently, it was known to Matthew Arnold. Surely a note was needed here? Surely, yet again, Bentley's "swelling gourd" deserved record at "Paradise Lost" vii, 321, and his "Soul living in her kind" at line 452 of the same book? The art of conjectural emendation has done singularly little for Milton; but at least these corrections are part of the history of criticism. Here and there I looked for the name of Bentley in connection with improvements in punctuation—the only kind of editorial improvement in which the Columbia editors show much interest. They might have noticed that some of Bentley's punctuations seem to be confirmed by the Morgan MS. The text, once again, of the Latin poems is at many points far from satisfactory. Not all the suggested corrections of it merited complete neglect. I may make the editors a present of the fact that in line 21 of the Seventh Elegy the suspicious *aeterno* has been corrected, in Milton's own copy in the Bodleian, to *aetherio*—though only the last two letters of the correction survive, the rest having been clipped by the binder. Milton's Greek is printed in such a way as to give little chance to Mr. Rudge; and it is not easy to find, from the editors' notes, any justification for the procedure followed.

The Latin poems are accompanied by an English translation vis-a-vis—at least it endeavors to be vis-a-vis, and could easily have been so in fact if Mr. Knapp had been, in an otherwise well-made version, a degree less diffuse. Where Mr.

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Knapp's English is redundant, supplying, as it often does and sometimes had to do, words that are wanting in the original, the redundant words appear within square brackets. Everywhere these brackets give the page an uncomely look, and once again Mr. Rudge is not given a fair chance. I mention this because the later volumes will give plenty of work to the translator. I hope he will be as good a translator as Mr. Knapp; indeed, I hope he will be the most learned man in the world—a less man will be beaten, when he comes to, say, the "Prolusions," by riddles that have long clamored for an interpreter.

The Columbia editors have, in any case, the hardest part of their task still before them: very few scholars have worked on Milton's prose writings, and the text of them, Latin and English, offers many perplexities. The two volumes before us are a fine augury of what we may expect to follow. We may look in fact for a work which, when it is completed, will rank with the best achievements of English scholarship.

The only misprint which I have noted in these two volumes is on page 359 of Volume II, where *Book xii* is printed for *Book xi.*

H. W. Garrod

# Too Many If's

*If, or History Rewritten.* By Philip Guedalla, G. K. Chesterton, Hendrik W. van Loon, André Maurois, Hilaire Belloc, H. A. L. Fisher, Harold Nicolson, Winston Churchill, Milton Waldman, Emil Ludwig, J. C. Squire. The Viking Press. $3.

FROM such a galaxy of clever or brilliant authors one might expect a pyrotechnical display of dazzling sort. Unfortunately what one soon begins to be conscious of in reading is the dull wooden scaffolding from which such displays are shot off, the sticks instead of the rockets. Each author discourses on what the subsequent chain of events would have been *if* some one event in history had been different from what it was. Thus Guedalla gives us a chapter on modern history assuming that the Moors had conquered, instead of having been conquered by, Spain; Chesterton assumes that Mary Queen of Scots married Don John of Austria; van Loon that the Dutch defeated the English and retained New Amsterdam; Maurois that Louis XVI had "an atom of firmness"; Nicolson that Byron became king of Greece; and so on. Treatment of such "if's" may range from mere amuseing spoofing to an intellectual exercise of a high order. There is very little of the latter in these eleven essays, Churchill's If Lee Had Won the Battle of Gettysburg coming nearest to it perhaps. Guedalla's contribution is cleverly done also, but on the whole most of the essays must be set down, notably Chesterton's, as among the dullest things that their respective authors have written. Possibly the cumulative effect of nearly four hundred pages of this sort of supposition has something to do with it. Practically all the authors are journalists or modern biographers rather than historians. Nowhere in the book do we find any convincing logic in the succession of suppositious events following upon the "if." In the hands of a thorough scholar, a book even of this size might carry through in intellectual interest. On the other hand, as mere amusing fooling, any one of the chapters if published separately might be entertaining, but when taken en masse the dulness becomes overpowering. The idea of the book has possibilities. The list of authors would seem to insure an unusually entertaining volume. The fact remains that the thing does not "come off." Eleven clever men all trying to be clever at once have produced a merely depressing effect. Is it possible that, after all, fidelity to truth is essential to sustained interest, whatever the truth may be?

James Truslow Adams

# The Two Mexicos

*Mexico and Her Foreign Creditors.* By Edgar Turlington. Columbia University Press. $6.

*The Genius of Mexico.* Edited by Hubert C. Herring and Katherine Terrill. The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. $2.50.

THERE are two Mexicos. There is that member of the family of nations whose bonds sell at fifteen cents on the dollar, whose credit in international finance is nigh nil, whose fiscal history but for a brief interlude is that of unbalanced budgets, of repeated but unavailing efforts to fulfil its pecuniary obligations, a *noli me tangere* today of financiers and investors. And there is that domain of incredible beauty and mystery, of purple mountain and golden desert, of warm sunlight and warm-hearted people, of canyon and cactus, of costume and craftsmanship, land of eternal snows, burning mesa, and lush jungle, archaeologist's *el dorado* and painter's paradise—still a frontier of adventure and romance.

Both these Mexicos have undergone study by cooperative enterprises. For five years the Columbia University Council of Research in the Social Sciences, aided by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, has sponsored an exhaustive research into every aspect of Mexico's international relations in finance. The first of three scheduled volumes represents a thoroughness in the combing of all available archives and in the examination of hitherto unpublished material that would have been almost impossible for an unassisted individual. In consequence we have the definitive work on Mexico's external finances for the first 110 years of her national existence. It is complete, wholly objective, scholarly, buttressed by graphs, tables, and appendices galore. It is perhaps needlessly dry.

The facts collated indicate that internal disorders were an early source of default; that army expenses alone soon exceeded the total national revenue; that peculation by corrupt officials aggravated the shortages; that correspondingly onerous terms were exacted by lenders—90 per cent in one instance—and that at times over 90 per cent of customs receipts were pledged to debt service. Nevertheless, as Mr. Turlington and his associates make clear, the Mexican debt as it stands today represents no inflation brought about by past exactions, but is the residue of unpaid arrears of moneys loaned at moderate rates. Conversely, he points out that despite appearances Mexico's creditors have in the end fared well considering the low price at which Mexican securities were often acquired. It is suggestive that with the ink scarcely dry on the postscript footnote recording another revised Mexican debt settlement, payments thereon have already been perforce deferred.

For this precise scrutiny through accountants' spectacles, the collection of forty-one lectures delivered in the summer of 1930 before the Seminar in Mexico conducted annually by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America furnishes a suitable corrective and complement. Genius is proverbially a bit irregular in payments of the conventional sort—but how gorgeously generous in its own way! Here the panorama of Mexico unfolds in all its glory, full-panoplied in the richness of two great cultures. Here are assembled the infinite variations made possible in a country the characteristic of which, as Ramón Beteta, the sociologist, points out, "is that no one part of it and no one person living in it seem to be like any other part or any other person." Here are found the diverse, conflicting, but always stimulating presentations by Mexican leaders of thought and action, and by specially qualified Americans, of every important aspect of Mexican life. Enthusiasm and caustic criticism are found side by side. Such authorships as those of Moisés Sáenz, Rafael Heliodoro

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Valle, Diego Rivera, Carlos Mérida, Carlos Chávez, Manuel Gamio, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Salvador Urbina, and Antonio Díaz Soto y Gama, among others, reveal that the genius of Mexico is here presented by its very exponents. Similarly the names of Mary Austin, Paul U. Kellogg, René d'Harnoncourt, Chester Lloyd Jones, Judge Florence E. Allen, Samuel Guy Inman, Frank Tannenbaum, Frederic Siedenburg, and Carleton Beals disclose the breadth and depth of this unique and valuable contribution to the existing literature on our southern neighbor. As Hubert C. Herring says of Mexico in his closing essay, "There is wealth here upon which no conquistador could lay his hands."

And that is Mexico's eternal repayment, fully amortized and with interest compounded. To understand one Mexico, it is indispensable to know and understand the other. Perhaps, after all, they are but one.

ERNEST GRUENING

# How Wars Are Made

*The Martial Spirit: A Study of Our War with Spain.* By Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

MR. MILLIS in his account of the Spanish-American War has written a mature, intelligent, and exciting work—a rare occurrence in historical writing. He has avoided those pitfalls that beset the unwary in their search for historical truth; for he has succumbed neither to partisanship on the one side nor to "objectivity" on the other. What we have in "The Martial Spirit," as a result, is a complete history of the American people at war—in this case the war with Spain—which is so well contrived and so wittily written that it puts to shame both the efforts of professional historians and the products of those writers who merely seek to amuse without intending to inform.

The main body of "The Martial Spirit" is concerned with the tale of but four years—from the breaking out of the second insurrection in Cuba in 1895 to the ratification of the Peace of Paris by the United States Senate in 1899. What we have, then, is a recital of why the United States went to war with Spain, how we armed ourselves for the conflict, how the war was prosecuted, and what spoils fell to the victors. The roles of the leading warmakers: Hearst, Pulitzer, Roosevelt, McKinley; of the leading military and naval heroes: Shafter, Wheeler, Miles, Dewey, Sampson, Schley; of the peacemakers: Day, Reid, Lodge, Hay, Bryan—these are all set down with the nicest detail. Once more Americans whose memories can run back to Thomas Beer's "mauve decade" can relive in the pages of this book (but with what a curious change of emphasis!) the exciting days of rebellion in Cuba, the insurgent patriots García and Gómez, the "reconcentration camps" of the Spanish Butcher, the blowing up of the Maine, the hunt for Cervera's fleet, the assaults on Kettle and San Juan hills, the rotten bully beef, the winter uniforms in a tropical campaign, the inadequate transports, the dysentery and typhoid fever which took a greater toll of young manhood than all the Spanish bullets, the seizure and retention of the Philippine Islands for the purpose of Christianizing (i. e., converting to Protestantism) their benighted inhabitants, and the rest.

Perhaps I am emphasizing unduly the lighter parts of Mr. Millis's narrative. I can say, in extenuation, that so has he, for in a postscript the author declares:

> It may seem that I have stressed the satiric aspects of the war. This is true; and my defense is a belief that every war in modern times has presented the same elements, though ordinarily they are concealed beneath the immense tragedy which war normally involves. Our war with Spain merely offered an opportunity to examine them in one case where that tragedy was not present.

Because Mr. Millis is indulgent toward all the human weaknesses that his history exposes, he makes no effort to point his moral. But it is not necessary. Here for all those good people who place so much store in their Leagues of Nations, World Courts, disarmament conferences, Kellogg Peace Pacts, and Locarno treaties—in short, that whole mumbo-jumbo that one earnest clubwoman has recently called the "alternatives to war"—are the reasons why national strife will not be eliminated. As long as there are a sensational press and newspaper proprietors like Hearst and Pulitzer who in their hunt for profits and prestige will stoop to anything; as long as there are misguided patriots like Captain Mahan and Whitelaw Reid who cannot be happy unless *their* country is great and powerful; as long as there are ambitious politicians like Roosevelt and Lodge, noisy and stupid ones like Alger, and sly ones like McKinley, all of whom hope to continue in office or get better ones by beating the drum; as long as people can make money out of war, or accept war as an alternative to the courageous handling of their national problems, or rush to war to escape the boredom of their daily lives—so long shall we fail to attain to the millennium of our peace societies.

The war with Spain—and, for that matter, almost every war in which we have fought—had next to nothing to do with those "non-justiciable" disputes for whose settlement our peace advocates now look with such hope toward the international machinery that has appeared since Wilson went to Paris. We did not fight Spain because our national honor had been violated, our security threatened, a solemn treaty spurned, an act of irreparable injury committed. Every official grievance against the Spanish throne had been eliminated before the war declaration was made. The "reconcentration camps" had been ordered closed. Autonomy had been granted the Cubans. An armistice with the insurgents—though, heaven knows, they had no fighting force worthy of the name—had been promised. There were no American citizens (Cuban-born or not) held in any of the island jails. Arbitration on the destruction of the Maine had been proffered. (Who and what blew up the Maine neither Americans of 1898 nor those of today know!) Finally, the American Minister at Madrid had cabled to McKinley, the day before the President went to Congress with his war message, that Spain had yielded on every single cause at issue.

Yet we fought. The lesson that is implicit in Mr. Millis's book, as it must be in every honest and courageous work that is written on how wars come about, is that wars are not waged because of the existence of international ill-will or because nations menace or wrong each other—in other words, that the root causes of war are not external; rather that wars come about because each land raises regularly its own crop of nationalists, economic and financial imperialists, yellow-press sensation-mongers, and venal politicians—in other words, that the root causes of war are to be found on our very own doorstep. The advocates of peace might just as well cease agitating themselves over the implementing of the Kellogg Peace Pact, the Senate's acceptance of the World Court protocols, or the elimination of armaments. They would do better to concentrate on the internal causes of war.

Mr. Millis has done us a great service by telling the whole truth about one of the wars the United States has been party to. And because the book is so good I cannot help regretting that it is not even better. Mr. Millis's story might have laid claim to the attributes of completeness in every particular had he devoted some attention to the following: the influence of Captain Mahan's ideas of naval strategy on the shaping of the war psychology; the role that Anglophilism played in turning the thoughts of Roosevelt, Lodge, Reid, and Hay to overseas

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expansion; our economic stake in Cuba; the cruise of the Oregon; the attitude of the European Powers toward our relations with Spain; the part really played by Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs in Manila Bay; the financing of the war and how the war bonds helped bring back prosperity. It is to be noted, too, that the author's bibliography has several important omissions, notably mention of Leland H. Jenks's "Our Cuban Colony," B. A. Reuter's "Anglo-American Relations During the Spanish-American War," and L. B. Shippee's article on the von Diedrichs interlude published in the *American Historical Review* for July, 1925. I should be the last person, however, to insist that these lacunae detract from the great merit of Mr. Millis's performance.

LOUIS M. HACKER

# Modern Palestine in Fiction

*Yehuda.* By Meyer Levin. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

MR. LEVIN'S novel takes its name from a young violinist, member of a small Palestinian commune on the banks of the Kishon. By day Yehuda works in the fields and at night he practices long hours, forcing his work-dulled fingers to be nimble on the strings. But progress is slow; he begins to think of leaving the commune for America where he can support himself and perfect his art. He struggles between desire for perfect musicianship and loyalty to his group. However, the problem is resolved for him by the visit to the commune of a famous violinist. From the genius's playing, Yehuda learns that at least in intention and in understanding he himself is not inferior; from the genius himself, he understands how good the commune is and how necessary for him.

This story in itself is scarcely original. But its place in the novel is preeminent not so much because of its intrinsic interest as because of its functional usefulness, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Levin exaggerated its importance by his title. Properly, the novel is about the commune itself, and the story of Yehuda only serves to make explicit the commune's ideals. We see the group first in the routine of its daily life; then when the strain of harvest and the bickerings of personalities drive it into a crisis of partisanship; and finally when, harvest over and the emotional atmosphere cleared by the drama of an Arab attack, it coheres once more into unity.

Russia and Palestine are perhaps the only two nations which offer the novelist the opportunity to deal with the group and with certain important emotions which depend on the individual's sense of the group. In the ideologies of these two polities there is the conception of society and the individual in vital relationship to each other. From this conception there arises for the Russian and Palestinian writers the possibility of the social emotions—those which refer to political honor, loyalty, glory—which have been classically important in life and literature but which in the modern state, especially in America, are dead or moribund. And not only does this conception allow the renewal of these important social emotions, but it seems to give added importance to the private emotions, which, though it is not always apparent, are of course dependent on the group for their value.

Mr. Levin has made good use of the opportunity which his material afforded him. He carefully proportions his emphases so that the group remains whole, and yet no flavor of individuality is lost. His commune is not saintly because of its idealism and devotion; its members are quarrelsome, selfish, obstinate, and silly, and Mr. Levin's ironic realism lets us see all this. But the ironic realism only makes the more credible the dignity and vitality which the group possesses and which it gives its members.

LIONEL TRILLING

# Thin Emotion

*Naked Heel.* By Leonora Speyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

LEONORA SPEYER has fair taste, an accurate sense of rhythm, a sense of the proper subject matter for poetry, but her emotion is thin, and she depends entirely upon emotion, never upon intellect. Again and again in her new book of verse she uses a conceit but has not the intellectual nicety of selection or the intensity to make it important. Let us imagine for the moment how Donne might have treated this:

THE LADDER

I had a sudden vision in the night,
I did not sleep, I dared not say I dreamed,
Beside my bed a curious ladder gleamed
And lifted upward toward the sky's dim height;
And every rung shone luminous and white
And every rung a woman's body seemed
Outstretched, and down the sides her long hair streamed:
And you, you climbed that ladder of delight.
You climbed sure-footed, naked rung by rung,
Clasped them and trod them, called them by their name,
And my name too, I heard you speak at last;
You stood upon my breast the while and flung
A hand up to the next—and then, oh shame,
I kissed the foot that bruised me as it passed.

This type of verse is purely a narrative of emotion; it is fancy without impact of feeling or intellect. Its images are strung out, played with, presented with detail which leaves one quite cold. Such verse has no heights, no depths. Mrs. Speyer is at her best in telling stories, as in The Ballad of Old Doc Higgins, where the material itself is fanciful and humorous. Nor is her sonnet sequence concerning the well-bred love of a man and a woman anything but commendable within its limits. But when this poet begins searching for subjects to be made into poetry, subjects which have actually no significance to her emotionally, she is always tedious. Exposed Mummy, Trade Rats, and this from Fido, are examples:

She made a pet of Grief,
Trained it and taught it many a trick:
It begged and fetched and carried,
Hid, waiting to be found,
Or played at being dead—
Lying there, limp upon the ground.
Ran by her side,
Slept warm within her bed,
And on her heart immoderately was fed.

EDA LOU WALTON

# The Future of Religion

*World Revolution and Religion.* By Paul Hutchinson. The Abingdon Press. $2.

EVEN the reader who isn't—or thinks he isn't—interested in religion will find this short book immensely worth while. Mr. Hutchinson belongs to the company of the friend to whom he dedicates the book—a man "not afraid of a fact"—and he packs the book with relevant and well-stated facts on the world revolution already upon us, in its political, social, and racial aspects.

These facts he relates to the organized religions of the world, all of which he finds to be breaking before their impact. Organized Christianity, which is his chief concern, lacks the ethical dynamic, despite its occasional prophets, to deal with a profit civilization and the rising tide of revolt among exploited

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races, nations, and classes. It is too thoroughly the religion of the comfortable—especially the comfortable white man. Christian missions have not bridged and probably cannot bridge the gap. At best they seem to Chinese and African to stand for patronage or welfare work.

Then there is the religious revolution itself—a revolution arising largely from the new philosophy and science, the new sense of man's littleness in an indifferent cosmos. After five convincingly pessimistic chapters of this, the author has a brief chapter—suggestive rather than conclusive—in which he foresees a future for religion "inspired by utter devotion to man's welfare," a "resurrection of religion outside the church we know." This chapter seems to me least satisfactory. Mr. Hutchinson owes it to himself to enlarge it. For the casual and even for the careful reader, if not for himself, he fails to distinguish adequately the various meanings and uses of religion and its relation to ethics.

In the psychological sense, communism, for all its atheism, is proof enough that religion, the religious attitude for evil as well as good, for dogmatic intolerance as well as splendid devotion, is not easily to perish from the earth. But, historically, organized religion has had to do with metaphysics—the nature of the universe and the destiny of man—that is, with God. Here we face not merely ethical or social problems, but philosophical ones. Organized religion in this sense may fall before Einstein and Planck, relativity and the quantum theory (as Mr. Hutchinson seems to suggest), even if it was less powerless before the revolt of the oppressed. Passion for mankind will not of itself restore faith in some sort of God. Nor, on the other hand, will faith in some sort of God, based on what Mr. Hutchinson calls "mystical experience" or the "permanent values" of goodness and beauty, easily or automatically meet the ethical problem of the nature of the ultimate reality in relation to man. What does God, if there is any sort of God, care for man's failure to build the truly great society in an inhospitable universe? One wishes that Mr. Hutchinson's candor, insight, and power as a thinker were addressed more fully to these problems. But he has given us one of the most arresting books of recent years.

NORMAN THOMAS

# Books in Brief

*The Englishman.* By W. Macneile Dixon. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.40.

There are evidently subtle changes going on in the Englishman. He is, for example, inclosing his bus tops against wind and weather, and has taken to writing books of national self-analysis. These symptoms are almost as notable in England as would be the storming of parliament houses or toppling thrones among its less stolid neighbors. Any light which an Englishman can throw on his own alteration is welcome. Mr. Dixon's illumination is partly of an indirect sort, occasionally annoying, but by no means negligible. In four chapters he treats of the English Character, Genius, People, and Soul with such hyperbole of patriotism as indicates a certain fundamental lack of confidence. He constantly throws off such statements as "it will not be denied" that the English have been the most successful of modern nations and have written the best poetry; that it is too late "to learn any lessons of consequence from others"; that England won the late war precisely because she was not prepared for it; and so on. In the final two chapters he adds further attempts at interpretation by means of the English Bible and Shakespeare the Englishman. In spite of, perhaps because of, the author's extreme insularity of view, he manages to tell us a good deal of the English "character," "genius," and "soul," though these are less divisible than his water-tight compartments would have them. In fact, this small volume of pocket size and scarce two hundred pages, with not a few obvious faults, gives us a better insight into many aspects of England than other far more pretentious ones. It is worth reading, as much for its unconscious as for its conscious revelations.

*What's Wrong with Taxation?* By Jackson H. Ralston. San Diego: Ingram Institute. $1.

Here is advocacy of the single tax by a man known chiefly for works on international law. Ralston sees even the most complex social and economic structures as fruits of the earth, and in discussing elaborate theories of taxation he employs refreshing imagery of soil and rain and sun. From the fundamental loam arise twin plants, the individual and the community, dynamically blended in the author's mind by the simple ideal of "cooperation . . . the unhampered activities of man working for the common good." He contends that the idea, not in doctrinaire form but as common sense applied to the practical work of government, is gaining ground all over the world, even while our minds are preoccupied with the militaristic-mathematical melodramas of communism and fascism.

*The Jealous Ghost.* By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The second novel by the author of "Dewer Rides" is a more or less plotless description of the environment a forty-year-old American, John Carmichael Stewart, discovers upon his return to his ancestral home in the beautiful Highlands. We must take the author's word for it when we learn at the end that John, a seemingly dull and rather unresponsive person, has been overwhelmed by the local beauty of life and has found his true happiness by merging himself, very mysteriously, with nature. As a human being John does not come to life in a tremendous abundance of petty, pointless incident. But the spirit is sweet and idyllic and the style is easily a match. The author excels in his descriptions of natural settings, and his portrayal of minor characters is always subtle and sympathetic. As a novel, however, "The Jealous Ghost" lacks motive force; it has none of the vitality of "Dewer Rides"; it remains unconvincing, despite its virtues of imagination and delicacy, because in the objective presentation of John's new environment there are inadequate clues to the totally subjective conclusions formulated by this vague, half-dull, half-romantic, papier mache American.

*Cattle Car Express.* By Emil Lengyel. Ralph Beaver Strassburger Foundation. $2.50.

Mr. Lengyel has given an excellent picture of the war as it appeared to those who saw it from behind the barbed-wire inclosures of the Russian prison camps, and no quarrel with his photographic method can lessen the value of the pictures themselves. A group of Hungarian soldiers, from infantry privates to field officers, who were captured in the early months of the conflict had little concern thereafter with the more spectacular aspects of war, and war became then a struggle against filth, lice, starvation, and the more primitive aspects of human nature. Under Mr. Lengyel's pen this material appears extraordinarily vivid and entertaining, and his book will be a welcome addition to any extensive war library.

*Early Poems.* By Humbert Wolfe. Alfred Knopf. $2.50.

These early poems of Humbert Wolfe's are proof of his tendency to imitate. He was here, in the very beginning, trying himself out in the technical patterns and subject matter of much older poets. Mr. Wolfe's poetry has, as a whole, been much overrated; he has always been imitative, never very original. His popularity is doubtless due to this very fact: his

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verses sound vaguely familiar, his imagery, his manner, his subjects are all traditional. In these early poems Mr. Wolfe is not yet in complete command of the facility which was soon to be his, but it is growing upon him. These poems are not, he states, in the fashion of their day; nor are they, we might add, in the fashion of this day. They are actually much more in the fashion of the aesthetes of the nineties.

*Baedae Opera Historica.* Translated by J. E. King. Two volumes. *St. Augustine: Selected Letters.* Translated by James Houston Baxter. *Demosthenes: Olynthiacs, Philippics, Minor Public Speeches, Speech Against Leptines.* Translated by J. H. Vince. *Lysias.* Translated by W. R. M. Lamb. *Philo.* Volume III. Translated by F. H. Colson and G. H. Whitaker. *Saint Basil: The Letters.* Volume III. Translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Each $2.50.

Of these seven new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library, the first two have the special interest of containing a translation of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" based on the sixteenth-century version of Thomas Stapleton, which is highly readable. The same holds true for Mr. Baxter's selection—made with the man rather than the theologian in view—from Augustine's letters, and for Mr. Lamb's "Lysias," whom we can appreciate here, particularly in the narrative prefaces to his legal orations, as one of the most valuable commentators we have upon Athenian life in the famous fifth century.

*Molière.* By John Palmer. Brewer and Warren. $5.

This is a sober convincing biography, but it sacrifices sprightliness to veracity. It is not sufficiently selective, it is long drawn out, and in its analysis of Molière's plays too earnestly conscientious. But what a picture one gets of this follower of Lucretius, so human, so sage, so vulnerable, this man who fought so passionately for the life and liberty of the comic art, this son of an upholsterer, who for the love of his mistress took to acting, and was tortured by a wayward wife into becoming the greatest author of France!

*A Newman Anthology.* Arranged by Erich Przywara, S. J. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

This volume first appeared in Germany. Its title is misleading, for it is not a Newman anthology in the sense of giving a complete view of Newman's work, as Augustus Ralli's "Guide" usefully does of Carlyle's. It is merely a systematization of Newman's pietistic passages, and it does not, as the jacket announcement declares, permit the study of "Newman's whole range of teaching." Indeed, no more misleading means of studying Newman could be imagined.

*German Lyric Poetry.* By Norman Macleod. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

This thirteenth volume of the Hogarth Lectures, a series designed to help both students and teachers of literature, is an interesting and well-documented survey of the development of the German lyric. That this development is very different from that of the English lyric, discontinuous rather than continuous, is Mr. Macleod's thesis. After the great minnesingers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a collapse in German poetry. The seventeenth century attempted a revival, and the great revival of poetry under Goethe coincided with a renewed interest in folk-song. The richest sources of German lyricism lie, in other words, almost altogether in a folk background. There is no definite progression here in which one poet directly influences another poet who follows him and in turn influences still another, but rather a sporadic flowering of the deeply rooted poetic feelings of the folk.



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# Films

## Hollywood "Entertains"

THE past fortnight having been singularly deficient in pictures of interest, my comments need go no farther than listing the films I have seen. These come under two heads: (1) stale junk rehashed without an atom of distinction, and (2) stale junk rehashed with just enough distinction to make it appear different. To the first category belong "White Shoulders" (Mayfair), "The Lady Who Dared" (Strand), "Lover Come Back" (Globe), "She-Wolf" (Rialto); to the second, "The Maltese Falcon" (Winter Garden) and "A Free Soul" (Astor). The only redeeming features about the last two films are that the "Maltese Falcon" treats its mystery-crime plot with an intelligence somewhat superior to that usually encountered in this type of film, and "A Free Soul" displays highly competent if artificial acting that lends its lurid story a certain superficial brilliance.

A picture that stands out against these second- and third-rate fabrications from Hollywood is "The Five-Year Plan," the Russian film at the Central. So momentous and so fascinating is the material of this extended news-reel that one refuses to cavil at the failure of the producers to convey as clearly as they could the actual mechanism of the Five-Year Plan. The film, it must be admitted, never shows us the dynamic force that relates the component parts of the plan to one another and has welded the industrial efforts of Soviet Russia into a drive of epic grandeur. But even with this important defect the film remains one of the most interesting on Broadway.

The main attractions on the list of feature films being what they are, this may be as good an occasion as any to dilate on the other, less prominent items of the movie programs. Here is a kind of picture that positively cries to heaven for some swift retribution. I refer to the one- and two-reel comedies. What sort of people make these films, and for what sort of audience are they intended? Most of them are so incredibly imbecile that it is an agony to have to sit through them. During the past season the Cameo Theatre, the same that distinguished itself by a series of Soviet and travel pictures, was perhaps the worst offender. The Pathé and Columbia comedies with which it embellished its programs were the limit of ineptitude and incompetence. They made few if any people laugh. They made most gnash their teeth and cry for murder.

Unfortunately this sadistic practice of subjecting innocent people to the torture of seeing and hearing these efforts in "entertainment" is not confined to one theater. There have been few programs during the fortnight under review that did not contain at least one comic short. At the Rialto the cannibal within us was roused by the tremulous bulk of Mr. Billy House, who in "The Headache" kept winking at us as he does on the vaudeville stage. At the Strand a company of young people were busy smashing "effects and furniture" for twenty-five minutes in a criminal outburst called "Moving In." One could go on enumerating these outrages against all that goes under the name of art and entertainment. But that would be wasting time. The important thing is that the outrages should stop. The public should indicate to the exhibitors that even in the matter of short subjects it demands some consideration. As a rule it has no choice in submitting to the minor items of a program, for it is the feature picture that brings it into the theater. All the more reason why it should be treated with at least the decency that is its due.

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# Mexico Giggles

By ALBERT HARRIS

*Mexico City, May 16*

MEXICO is giggling. If it dared it would guffaw, but hardihood for doing so openly does not exist, yet. Guffawing overtly at anything the government does isn't salutary just now, especially after what happened recently to Luis Cabrera. So the Mexicans, who, given occasion, are a mocking and derisive folk, are outwardly limiting their risibilities to giggling. They are giggling at the government and the Great Cabrera Plot. For it does seem that the Great Cabrera Plot, like the deceased Ahkoon of Swat, "is not." Apparently it never was. But to the story, so that we may see why the Mexicans giggle.

Luis Cabrera is a clever man. Also he has humor. He is one of the outstanding intellectual figures born of the revolution, with José Vasconcelos, Manuel Gamio, and one or two others. But Cabrera has a better, more tightly screwed-on head than any of them. His brains run to practice more than to philosophical theorizing. He was at the forefront of the revolution from the start. In 1910 he was side by side with Madero, when it took real nerve to be a revolutionist and defy Díaz. Later with Carranza, as his right-hand man and finance minister, he supplied 48 per cent of the brains that ran the Constitutionalist cause from 1913 to 1920. Carranza himself contributed 48 per cent, and the remainder of the men who were in the government with him and Cabrera the other 4 per cent.

When Obregón, Calles, and de la Huerta, with the Sonoran hosts, hurled themselves at the throat of the Carranza Government in 1920, Cabrera fled from Mexico City with his chief. He fought in the ranks with a rifle during the week that the rebels besieged the Carrancistas in their miles of stalled trains between the capital and Vera Cruz. He was of the handful that bore Carranza company in his flight into the mountains. He was with him when Carranza was murdered in his sleep by an *amigo* of Obregón. That adventure dated his permanent retirement from Mexican politics and official life. Cabrera is a brilliant lawyer, either in counsel or in plea. Since 1920 he has amassed a comfortable fortune from his practice. So precisely scrupulous and cautious has he been in avoidance of any activities of political color that during the whole of the last presidential campaign he absented himself in Europe. He frankly said that he did not purpose to jeopardize his life, his liberty, or his personal fortunes by affording any of his political enemies—including all the old dominant Calles crowd, who saw to it that Ortiz Rubio was well and duly "elected" over the popular candidate Vasconcelos, now wisely self-exiled from Mexico—an opportunity to dig pits into which he might be precipitated. The man is known and honored in Mexico for his honesty, ability, and moral and physical bravery, as well as for his uncompromising truth-telling in his written or spoken public statements. If there are spades to be discussed he calls them spades, not sugar-tongs or something else.

In November last the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of the revolution was celebrated. To commemorate the anniversary *El Excelsior,* the government-owned official newspaper organ of Mexico City, got out a special edition. By some slip of the cogs Cabrera, although conspicuously out of official countenance and favor, was asked to contribute. His offering was printed under the title The Balance Sheet of the Revolution (reprinted in *The Nation* of December 31, 1930). Cabrera gave as his verdict that the revolution, in respect to profitable accomplishment and compliance with its principles and promises, was depressingly in the red. He proved it. The article raised a rumpus in governmental and revolutionary circles and cost *El Excelsior's* editor-in-chief his job, as a penalty for having incautiously admitted such opinions into the official organ.

Worse was to come. Again the cogs slipped. Cabrera later was invited to participate in a course of lectures on revolutionary topics under government auspices in the National Library, as part of the anniversary celebration. He accepted. To the mingled delight and consternation of his auditors he expanded his "Balance Sheet of the Revolution" into a two-hour talk. The speech set forth—with proof—that so far the revolution, barring a few exceptions to which he painstakingly gave ample credit, was nearly a total loss. He summed up by iterating and reiterating—with proof—that the Mexicans lacked sufficient civic valor, patriotism, and honesty to deserve or to have or to create any sort of government save the brands that always have prevailed there. He bore down heavily in condemnation of prevailing judicial corruption, army pretorianism, rascality and ineptness in development of the agrarian program, and, especially, of the fact that the revolution had failed utterly to live up to the two fundamental planks of its platform—effective suffrage and no reelection.

In his address Cabrera broadcasted nothing new, of course, nor anything which is not notorious and wholly apparent. *El Universal,* the only independent daily newspaper in the country, decided to print the address in full, as a matter of news. It published instalments on a Saturday and a Sunday. On Sunday President Ortiz Rubio at army maneuvers passionately did what he could, in an address to the troops, to salve the weals upon the sensitive hides of the generals raised by Cabrera's castigation of militarism as one of the country's chief ills. He called Cabrera names. It was rather an undignified performance.

On Monday *El Universal* announced that circumstances compelled it to cease printing the address. Reasons were not stated. It was unnecessary. Goaded to desperation, its editors later charged in print that army officers and other persons were bulldozing its advertisers and, using the President's name, threatening them with official reprisals unless they ceased to patronize *El Universal.* The paper openly challenged the President to deny this and to repudiate the men who were said to be thus employing his name; but Ortiz Rubio never did it. In some fashion *El Universal* made its peace with the National Palace and got its advertising back, after a loss in revenue which almost forced it into

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bankruptcy. Since this the paper has been tame. It has learned its lesson.

Three months elapsed. On the afternoon of May 2—a Saturday—Cabrera was finishing a game of billiards. A gentleman with a soiled collar and a bright badge, accompanied by several other gentlemen similarly adorned, tapped him on the shoulder. They took him away. In Mexico this sort of pleasantry is usually perpetrated on Saturday, which is an official half-holiday. As the courts are closed, one who is then taken captive, even under legal forms—which Cabrera was not—is thus hampered in providing bail, and may be held for three days incomunicado before being arraigned in court. Cabrera's friends scattered in a hunt for judges before whom to sue out what in the United States would be writs of habeas corpus. They succeeded in obtaining several writs, directed to every official, from the President down, who they thought might be the authority responsible for ordering Cabrera's arrest. The writs were served. No one paid the slightest attention to them. Through Saturday night and Sunday night Cabrera's captors, who were of the secret police, shuffled him around from police station to police station and barracks to barracks, to foil his friends who were searching for the place of his detention. On Monday they loaded him into an airplane and dumped him across the border into Guatemala, thus distinguishing him by making him the pioneer deportee from his native country by air route.

Now we come to the Great Cabrera Plot, and the giggles. The man once safely out of the country, the chief of police of the Federal District called in the reporters and with suitable impressiveness and dramatic recountal revealed the Plot. This wretch Cabrera, according to the chief, had conspired to start a rebellion on May 5, one of the principal national holidays. *Señores,* upon my word of honor a terrible Plot. Indeed, a very bloody Plot. For, look you, did it not comprehend the assassinations of three of the most highly placed personages in the realm—the President, former President Calles, and Minister of War Amaro? *Carramba, que complot! Verdad, Señores?* Proof? Plenty of it. To wit: five or six actual prisoners. Also a confession. One of the prisoners had admitted the conspiracy. Cabrera? Ah, yes. Upon the word of this prisoner Cabrera was in it. True, the man acknowledged that he had never set eyes upon Cabrera, nor, so far as he knew, had any of the other prisoners. But of a certainty he had been told by someone—by whom he could not remember—that in reality Cabrera was the intellectual author of the Plot. Anything else? Assuredly, *Señores.* For had not this scoundrel Cabrera himself admitted the Plot and pleaded that as an act of grace he be permitted to leave the country instead of being placed on trial to answer for his foul conduct? Which boon the government had mercifully granted, in remembrance of Cabrera's past services to the revolution. Very kind!

Somehow the thing smelled fishy. In the first place, all of the five prisoners were *miserables,* very obscure and manifestly undernourished individuals, including two pseudo-generals of whom no one had ever heard before. They had no money, they had no guns, they had no followers, they had no jobs. Aside from the alleged statement of one of them, who had never seen Cabrera, that he was the intellectual author of the Plot, the government produced no evidence of Cabrera's complicity. The aroma of fish became worse

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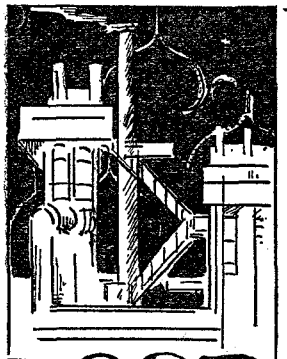

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when in an outburst of complacent official auto-backslapping it was explained that the Plot had been unearthed by a member of the secret police who had wormed his way into the confidence of the conspirators. It was all very old, clumsy, raw stuff. Public opinion was not tardy in veering to the belief that the Plot had been bred artificially to serve as a pretext for throwing Cabrera out of the country. Then the giggling began.

Now for repercussions. There is a strong and decent public sentiment in Mexico. Cowed and largely inarticulate, it exists, nevertheless. All of it, especially among lawyers of standing, is behind Cabrera. Before the government told what had been done to Cabrera and why, a demand was made in the National Juridical Congress, then in session, for the appointment of a committee to have audience of the President and protest against Cabrera's arrest. That created an uproar, intensified by the storming into the congress of a throng of law students who stridently demanded justice for Cabrera. The loyal presiding officer of the congress, Attorney José Lopez Lira, didn't propose to have anything like that going on if he could help it, so he adroitly met the situation by adjourning the congress.

Then the Supreme Court began to act up. Some of the justices had no stomach for the manner in which the writs directing Cabrera to be brought into court had been flouted by his captors. One of the justices put teeth into his protest by immediately resigning, after denouncing the lawlessness of everyone who had taken a hand in the shanghaiing of Cabrera. This caused a huge sensation. For it was a thing unheard of for anyone to throw up a fat-salaried job as a matter of conscience. The government has been trying to stave off other resignations from the court.

The resignation of the justice who quit—for his honor let his name be blazoned: Alberto Vasquez del Mercado—was immediately accepted by the federal congress, to the accompaniment of a vast spluttering of rhetorical pyrotechnics. At the same time swift reward was bestowed upon the government-championing president of the National Juridical Congress, who was hoisted to the Supreme Court bench temporarily in place of another justice on leave of absence. All of which has added its quota to the volume of Mexico's giggles.

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